

THE
LIFE AND TRAVELS
OF
HARRIET C. WEST

By HARRIET CLINE WEST

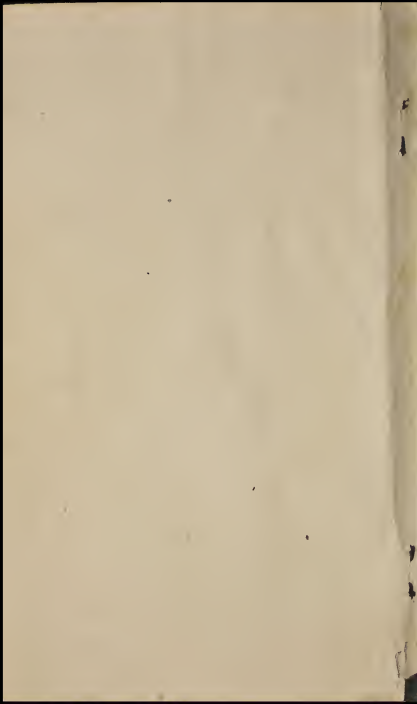


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Mrs. Harriet Cline West.

The Life and Travels of Harriet Cline West

Reviewed and prepared for the press

By JAMES M. HIATT.

Author of "The Ribbon Workers,"
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of the Horse," and several other His-
toric and Popular Works.

By HARRIET CLINE WEST

KAHOKA, MO.

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Reviewer's Preface.

Our relation to this book is more mechanical than literary. Mrs. Harriet Cline West is the real author. The whole matter of the following pages,—the thought, the sentiment, the statements of facts, the occasional flights of fancy, and in most instances the very imagery employed in description—are not ours, but hers.

A knowledge of the spirit and character of the author is, in a work of this sort, a matter of first importance to every reader who holds the science of human nature above all other sciences. In this regard Mrs. West has done what we rarely see in a writer. She has, in almost every paragraph, painted a portrait of herself—a portrait so true that the reader knows her before he has followed her through half a dozen pages. Her mind and soul are always open. Her common sense, her native intelligence, her strength and purity of thought, her perfect candor and frankness, her high moral principles, her kindness and generosity, are everywhere in view, along with her fine sensibilities, her rare intellectual gifts, her limitless power of appreciation, her remarkable versatility of conception, and her supremely exalted tastes.

Her book must be read through to the end before she is fully understood. The first part, which deals with her parentage, her early career, her

marriage and settlement in domestic life, contains some things that many autobiographers would hesitate to record. But what may at first glance seem to be the least important of these, are exceedingly interesting, on a closer view, in the fact that they exhibit so plainly the character of the author.

But when the reader passes on through the second and third parts; when he finds himself in a mover's camp, dreading an attack of wolves; in a gang of chattering Indians, studying their savage peculiarities; on the bank of an overflowing river, anxiously awaiting the crisis of a flood; threading his way through a deep, suless canyon, swallowed up by a feeling of mingled awe and amazement; lifted to the snow-crowned summit of a cloud-piercing mountain peak, lost in a world of wonders that lies spread out before him; then it is that the gift of this woman author in the word-painting, not only of domestic scenes, but of the noblest landscapes shows itself in all its native power and glory. The reader will agree with us when he reaches the end of this book.

Our work in these pages has been simply and only that of putting the beautiful thoughts and splendid descriptions of Mrs. West in proper order for the printer.

J. M. H.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE, NATIVITY, EARLY LIFE, MARRIAGE.

My father, George Washington Cline, was born in Union Town, Fayette Co., Pa., January 5, 1804. My mother, Mary Boyd, was born on March, 20, 1809, on the Emerald Isle. When she was about twelve years old, her parents with her, bade adieu to the city of Cork, and set sail for the United States. At the end of a voyage of six weeks, an adverse wind, which drove them out of their intended course, landed them at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. From this point they went across the country via Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario, to Mercer, Penn. Here they paused awhile, and then proceeded to Wheeling, Va. This was the point of destiny with my mother; for here, in 1828, at the age of nineteen, she met and married my father, who had then seen his 24th birthday. To that union was born ten children, their first baby they called Virginia for the old dominion. She died at the age of ten months. In Wheeling Virginia, I have a small box that father made for her. It is 80 years old at this writing.

Four years from the date of their wedding father and mother experienced the trials and dangers of a Wheeling flood. During the dreary watchers of one of the darkest of nights mother, arose from her couch, and with her baby, (broth

er Girard) in her arms, escaped a watery grave, by climbing through an upper story window of her dwelling into a skiff, in which she was carried to safety in a higher part of Wheeling.

Grandfather and grandmother Boyd, lived for a short time in Wheeling, Va. They moved from there to Vevay, Ind., lived there the remainder of their days. My mother's parents as far back as the ancestral line could be traced were Protestants. We were raised by christian parents and I never heard profanity in my father's house.

SKETCH OF MY LIFE FROM CHILDHOOD.

I was born in Washington, Washington co., Pa., Feb., 25, 1838. I am one of ten children. There were eight girls and two boys, Edward Girard and William were my brothers names. Later on I will speak of my sisters names. Washington, Pa., to which town my parents moved subsequent to their first residence in Wheeling, and previous to their departure from the latter city to their final home on Spring Creek, West Virginia. One of the first of the numerous accidents with which my life has been crowded, occurred in my third year, at Washington, Pa. A carriage team, going at a rapid rate turned a corner on which I was playing, went over me and brought me so near death that I have only God and a skillful driver to thank for my deliverance.

It was about one year from that date (some time in 1842) that my parents returned to Wheeling, the capital of West Virginia. My parents left the capital and settled permanently on Spring Creek, in that state, on a tract of 3,300 acres of land, in what was then an almost untrodden wilderness. In this large tract of land my father held an heirship. But it had once been owned by the old mother of presidents. After ceding, in 1787, the territory of the North West to the government of the U. S., Virginia retained full possession of all the rest of the domain which she comprised when as a colony, she was granted by the British crown to the London Charter company of 1607. Part of it had however, been sold by the state to my father's ancestors, and had thus become the rightful property of his father's heirs. But there seems to have been something loose or obscure in the title. At all events a number of Virginians void of principle made persistent efforts to show that part of the tract was subject to entry, and were so far successful as to ultimately rob my father of the greater part of his inheritance.

I was one of a family of six children. When we settled on Spring Creek there were two boys and four girls. I have heretofore named the boys. Following are the names of my sisters up to the time of which I am now writing:- Hesterann,

Mary Elizabeth, Harriett, (myself), Catherine. Subsequently three girls were born on Spring Creek—Anna Mariah, Josephine, and Mariah Louisa. The two last were named by brother Girard in honor of the wives of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Spring Creek was at this time a rural community. At the time we located there our neighbors were few and scattered. On different sides of us were the families of Joshua Lee, owner of a grist mill and saw mill, Dr. Coe, Mr. Hickman and Mr. Thornton. None of these were very near to us, but they were all exceedingly kind, generous and neighborly.

We had not been long at Spring Creek when father made a business trip back to Wheeling, and left the boys at home to hoe some corn on a hill-side. They were then about ten and eleven years old, and had never done any work of that kind before. They were playful but not really bad, and according to their nature, they mixed fun with labor much to their own fancy, frequently dropping onto their knees while hoeing, getting into a play, and rolling down hill over the young corn in a manner that was equally amusing and vexing. But mother, who was doing her best in looking after them, was very much amused at them.

Father was gone longer than he expected to

be, detained unavoidably. There was a big rock close to the house on a stream called Bear Run. Around it was quite a pond of water, and in the water grew a little bush. The pond was just deep enough to float a small person in a sugar trough. The trough was there, and I was the small person. So, my brothers proposed to amuse me and themselves by giving me a ride in that vessel on the water, pushing the trough from side to side by means of poles. All went along merrily enough till one evening when they gave the trough a push upset it close to the rock. In my fright I caught hold of the bush and screamed, of course. I was bruised somewhat, but was more scared than hurt. But the scream of a child always gives wings to the feet of a mother, and mother came running to me. Her appearance put life into the heels of the boys and they went up Bear Run at a lively gait. Mother called to them to stop, but they only quickened their pace. Mother told them she would whip them for that, and in the evening after they went to bed she administered the promised corrective, in spite of sister Hettie's remonstrance, for mother, though she rarely whipped, invariably kept her word when she said she would whip.

I shall never forget the only whipping I ever received from my father. He and the boys had planted some potatoes near the house, with

straw in the hills, but none outside of the hills. On his return from Wheeling he told us girls to watch the chickens out of the potatoes while he and mother went out on the farm awhile. We forgot all about his order, and were soon under the captivating spell of our play houses. When father and mother came in they found the potatoes all scratched up, and the girls paid the penalty. This was our first and last whipping from father.

My first sight of death made a powerful impression on me. My little sister, Anna Mariah, died when she was three years old. To me that event was stunning. Nay, it was for a time incomprehensible. I could not think what was the trouble in the family—to see them all crying so. When they momentarily went out of the house I went to her, raised up the sheet, and called to her:—"Anna, O, Anna!" No answer. I tried to shake her, but she did not wake. I then gave up in despair, and wept with the rest of them. That precious little sister and I were great friends. She called me "High," and herself "Little Sheep Anna."

One of the tasks that, in those days, some times fell on children, was going for fire. There were then no matches, and when the brands in the chimney went out, some of the children, or all of them, had the job of taking a shovel and

bringing a new supply of live coals from the house of the nearest neighbor. At our house we children were very fond of that job. One morning we arose early and found father down on his knees trying to blow new life into a dying coal. We wanted to be sent for fire. So we slipped up behind him with a dipper of water and accidentally (?) quenched that coal. Father looked up and laughed, and told us we would have to go for fire. He probably didn't know how little we were distressed about the trip. Oh, the goodness of our dear parents. How much we missed them in after years.

In that old West Virginia home I had many experiences which have followed me all along the road of life. On a certain wash day mother told us girls to go out and gather some wood for her. We had a little hair trunk in the yard, and my two elder sisters, Hetty and Mary Elizabeth, told me that if I would let them hide me in that trunk I would not have to go for wood. "All Right," said I, and into the trunk they put me. Now, it so happened that the trunk was a self-locker, and that the key was lost. So, when the lid fell I was to all appearance trunked for keeps. Fortunately mother, who till now knew nothing of the trick, heard me thumping against the walls of my prison when I began to smother. Mother coming promptly to my rescue, and find-

ing that she could not release me with her hands she opened the trunk with an ax. I rolled out almost lifeless, but mother, though at the moment all alone, by throwing water in my face, and by other means which so readily came to mother in emergencies, soon restored me to life. They re-appeared about this time, and oh, how frightened and sorry they were to think what they had done.

With us the "Bell Cow," as we called her was a great institution. She was a fine milker, a family pet, a true "Bossie," and the most valued of all our bovine stock. She ran loose over an unfenced range and one time she was a day or two late in her home coming. Father and the boys looked her up and brought her in. As she came lowing and bawling along toward the house, my eye was about the first in the front yard to catch her pleasing form. I felt as if I was starving for milk and under the combined impetus of appetite and love of Bossie, I ran like a deer toward her, loudly singing: "Here comes the Bell Cow, kicking up her heels, a rattle de dum, a rattle de dum, a doo;" and on reaching her I grabbed one of her teats to squirt some milk into my mouth. But just then she shot out a kick that sent me over the bank of Bear Run, and gave me a bath for which I was wholly unprepared.

Father had killed some hogs and just then fresh meat was quite a rarity at our house. A day or two after this killing father and mother went visiting to some of the neighbors and spent the day. After they were gone a neighbor man and his wife came to our house and stayed till evening. The neighbor lady got dinner at our house and of course cooked a big pot of spare ribs. When dinner was on we were all helped to the meat. I had eaten my part and thought I would like to have a few more ribs, so I handed up my plate. The man picked up the meat dish and shoved it's entire contents onto mine. How his action did insult me! My indignation rose above my appetite and I refused to touch the loaded dish he offered me.

After a while father and the boys built a new house on a hill near a country road. We moved into it and with select seed, obtained in Wheeling, father planted a peach orchard, which with an apple orchard planted about the same time gave us in a few years, all the fruit we wanted and more too. On the country road, not far from the house father built a shop; for he was a good, all-around mechanic, and besides making his own repairs, and most of his own farm implements, did for his neighbors, and for men who came from miles around us, a vast deal of work, consisting of wagons, grain cradles, coffins, sleighs, and the like.

I remember going into the shop one day, and lying down in a new coffin, and folding my arms across my breast, just to see how much too large it was for me and I got scared and got out of that coffin a good deal quicker than I got into it, thinking I might die there.

There were plenty of snakes in West Virginia in an early day. We had a spring under the hill called Rock Spring. One day some of us girls were going down to that spring for water, and on the way encountered a big rattler snake that had in its mouth a half grown chicken, all except one wing which hung out. The snake lay coiled up in the path, and presented a very threatening front. We gathered some rocks and threw at it. But it would not drop the chicken, nor would it retreat, but, instead, came bounding at us, and coiled up again. We backed up and it kept coming. Sister Hetty ran and got a hoe, struck it on the head, and the chicken fell out of its mouth. Then we killed it, and that was the finish. One evening when we were all out in the yard under the shade trees, my brothers brought home a new kind of a snake which they had partially killed. To have a little fun they cut off the head, and threw it at sister Catherine. The head opened its mouth, caught the hem of her dress and held on. She ran screaming scared nearly to death—but the boys caught her and at once

relieved her by pulling the head away from her dress.

Sister Hetty and I were digging out a play house in a bank one time. She was using the spade and I was pulling out the dirt. In one of her digs she cut a gash about an inch long on the back of the hand with which I was doing my part. The wound bled profusely, and hurt badly. She ran and got a rag, and tied it up the best she could, pleading "For goodness sake don't cry, or mother will whip me." So, on going to the house I did my best to hide the trouble from mother, but she soon found out the significance of my persistently hiding my hand behind me and watching mother. Then I explained, as I had to, and begged that Hetty should be spared from punishment, as the stroke of the spade was purely accidental. Mother readily accepted my plea, and Hetty was promptly called in and forgiven. Oh, what in this world is more like the love of Jesus than the love of a mother?

Few of the children of this generation know what it is to be lost in the woods—lost in a wilderness such as we had in the region of the little Kanawha river West Virginia. When sisters, Mary Elizabeth and Catherine were respectively eleven and seven years old, and I was nine, and one day when father was away from home, we asked mother if we might go to see some neigh-

bor girls named Thornton. As the distance was but a mile and a half, and as we had once been at Thornton's with father and thought we knew the way perfectly well, mother consented. We had only a winding path to follow through the wild, brushy forest, up and down hill. But we started early, and though we got a little lost a time or two, we were able, by exercising much care, to reach our destination without any serious mishap. We had a pleasant day with our little neighbors; and in obedience to mother's command we started back at four o'clock, and our juvenile friends went part of the way with us. As we walked along, with plenty of time before us, we got very busy talking and gathering wild flowers; for it was spring time. Our neighbors retraced their steps, and we in our joyous glee and delight in our flowers, mistook a saw-log trail for the path leading up a little hill which we should have taken for our home. Then we were lost; but we did not know it. We followed the mistaken path till we discovered that we could not find a certain land mark—a tree torn up by, the roots. Then we knew that we were on the wrong road. We started back thoroughly bewildered, and took another trail, only to get more completely lost. How far we went out of the way I never knew, but we kept going away from home all the time just as a lost person will

always do in such cases. We kept going up one hill, down another, and up and down again, till it was almost dark—calling first, our mother, then our brothers, then our dog (Pomp), but we heard no answer, and saw no sign anywhere of either a human habitation or of a human being. The distress of the situation, the strain of our anxiety, the agonizing death of hope, as the sun sank from sight, and the darkness of a dark night gathered over and around us, pass far beyond the limits of any human power of description. For we were in the midst of one of the wildest of the thickety forests that crown the high bluffs of the Little Kanawha river, with no visible guide to direct us, and no visible arm to protect us. Just as the shades of night were beginning to mantle the sky we saw a gang of hogs, and followed them till they turned on us, champing their teeth, and showing the white froth that dropped from their mouths. We had little thought of our danger, for we were happily ignorant of the fact that they were wild hogs. But they did not attack us, and we turned back, and began to think of seeking one of those grassy beds which God prepares in the wilderness for tired, lonely, heart-stricken wanderers. We found it under a little heavily-topped pine bush.

To soften our couch we raked some leaves together, put our little fat sister, whom Mary and

I had carried much of the zig-zag way, in the middle, and worn completely out, lay down, and went to sleep to the plaintive song of a whip-poor-will that perched in the bush above us. We were troubled with no thought of the wild hogs, or of any others of the many dangers to which we were exposed. We slept and dreamed the whole night through. I dreamed that father had come home, and really thought I was at home till I awoke and discovered I was lost in the woods. Morning came, and we arouse to the gladdening sheen of a cloudless sun, unharmed, but sad enough, though not without a partial revival of hope. We wept awhile. Then to each other we said: "Let us ask God to take us home." We all three knelt with our faces to the sun, and if ever children prayed in earnest we did then and there. In that perfect faith which is known only to childhood we asked God to help us, never doubting that he would. We knelt in grief and got up in smiles. We embraced each other and resolved to cry no more; for we knew that our prayer was heard and would be answered. We gathered some sassafras buds, and ate them for breakfast; for having had no food since noon of the previous day, we were hungry enough to eat anything that God placed before us. Like Abraham of old, we "went out, not knowing where we went." We met and

followed some cattle, thinking that they might lead us home. But when they, on coming to a river, started in to wade water that came almost up to their backs, we walked back. We were about to ascend another hill, when someone called "Mary Elizabeth!" She answered them. We did not know our good neighbors were out in squads with horses and guns to signal each other, in different directions to find us. One squad had found our tracks in the sand on the run followed them closely and traced us up. A gun was fired, a horn was blown. They were at once answered by other guns and horns in distant quarters; the resonant reverberations of those friendly signals, from hill to hill, awoke that lonely wilderness to the echoes of the most enchanting music that ever assailed our ears. Our neighbors had come to save us. Mr. Lee, mounted on a big fat horse, took Catherine in his lap and put me on behind. Some one took Mary Elizabeth. Only one accident befell us. As the horses turned round the end of a log where the ground was very soft, the earth gave way under the hind feet of the horse that I was on, and I slid off at his heels. Some one caught me and took me out of that in a hurry. We were soon carried home. There the first to meet us was our precious mother, whose sufferings had been far greater than ours. She had prayed, but had not slept a wink,

during all the preceeding night, and now, with a host of neighbor women who had come in to comfort her in her distress, she rejoiced with a joy unspeakable on seeing the answer to her prayers, and exclaimed "Praise the Lord, for his goodness to me and mine." Not less was the happiness of my brothers, who had, on the morning of that day in obedience to mother's command, given the alarm to our noble neighbors, who had so promptly mustered their forces, and brought us out of the wilderness. Meantime, our father, who had returned, and gone out to meet the rescuers, was added to the exulting throng, and oh, what rejoicing there was at our house on the blessed day when the lost was found.

Between a mush-pot and a story about lost children there seems a world of difference; but, nevertheless, a hungry back-woodman will, at supper time, vote for the mush-pot every time. Mother and father were away from home. It was cool weather. A roaring fire was blazing in the big, old-time fire place. We children were at home, and with us was Uncle William Cline. Some of us were reading aloud, some were writing, others were sewing. Supper was mentioned, and corn-meal mush was the preference. I was chosen to make it, much against my will, because I thought that sister Hetty, being the oldest, should assume the task, and also because I

had never attempted mush-making before, and dreaded a failure in the presence of a "full house." But no excuses were accepted, and at it I had to go. Too proud to ask assistance, I summoned my wits, doned a sun-bonnet to protect my face from the blaze and proceeded as best I could. I remember that mother hung the pot on the fire and let the water boil. I followed her pattern that far. And when the hot bubbles appeared, I set the pot on the hearth, got my meal, and went to stirring it in with a paddle. I guess I omitted salt altogether. I had heard some one say that mush should be thickened till the paddle would stand erect in the center. So I kept on putting in the meal till the effort to work the paddle through the mush took the skin off of the inside of my hand. By this time the pot had ceased boiling, and I put it back on the fire to cook. But it was too thick to boil. I left it on the fire till I saw a little black bubble coming up through the center, showing that it was burnt at the bottom. I set it off, but could not stir it. I knew there was something wrong about it, and that uncle Will and brother William would laugh at it. I took it up. It was a dreadful mess. I put it on the table, announced that "supper is ready!" and slipped out through the back door to cry. I stood outside, looking in through a small opening in the door. Soon I saw those at

the table looking at one another and laugh. Then I heard them in a fun-making way calling, "where is Harriett?" Then my sadness was displaced by indignation, and when I heard them call for knives, I stepped in, and told them that the next time they wanted mush they could make it themselves. This was my first pot of mush, and it was long before I heard the last of it, especially from uncle William, in fun.

From the start we all worked together at Spring Creek. Soon we had a farm cleared out, and were raising corn, wheat, oats, and garden vegetables in great abundance. Our orchards grew into productiveness in a few years; and we had plenty of fruit to eat and to dry, with lots of apples to barrel up and keep through the winter. We were not lacking in live stock. We raised cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep. With the big wheel, the little wheel, the reel, the winding blades, and the loom, we had right at home all the machinery required to convert our wool into jeans, lindsey, cloth and flannels.

Our folks were all ardent lovers of the beautiful. In gratification of that love we had an almost endless variety of the prettiest flowers known to that period—had them in the house, around the house, and on both sides of the walk all the way from the dwelling to the shop. Not far away was the school house, which bore the

appropriate name of Hill Grove, and which was often used on Sundays as a place of worship. Our home was always the home of the earnest, pure-minded, and frequently gifted, old-time preachers, who came to Hill Grove to proclaim the glad tidings. Oh, that dear old school house! The memory of it is still fresh in my mind.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood;
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

In the course of a few years some of my aunts came out from Wheeling "to see where George"—as they called father—lived. They were his sisters. They took delight in walking over the hills, early in the morning with him; for he knew the history and character of those hills, and could, therefore, make their perambulations instructive as well as refreshing and pleasureable. They subsequently repeated their visits at intervals, and we were always glad to see them. They enjoyed the wild rural scenery, and with every trip brought us valuable presents, but they never wanted to come to Spring Creek to live.

In the course of a few years father and the boys concluded to build a new dwelling. This time a frame house was decided upon, and it was erected on the public road near the shop. When completed it contained seven apartments, includ-



The Old Homestead.



ing two large rooms in front, with a big stone chimney and a wide fire place in each of them. The new house was pleasantly situated and, besides being very attractive in appearance, commanded a charming view of the surrounding country. Some years ago I sketched and painted a picture of this house, and have the painting in my present residence at Kahoka. While father and my brothers were building the new house I had two of my fingers bursted at the ends. The builders were placing a sill in a mortise. They were at one end of the timber, while sister Catherine I and were at the other. When the sill was ready to be placed they, not thinking of my hands, give it a quick jerk, and it fell into the mortise with my fingers under it, literally splitting two of them open to a length of about one inch. The builders caught my arm and held it tightly at the wrist and above the elbow to keep the pain from going to my heart. Then they took me to the shop, and father wrapped my finger with raw cotton, and saturated the cotton with spirits of turpentine. I had no feeling in my fingers for about an hour. Then the pain set in, and it was quite awhile before they got well.

There were a great many blackberries in that country; for the old fields, when left idle for any length of time, produced that kind of small fruit in great profusion. One day a crowd of us young

folks (ten or twelve in number) crossed the Little Kanawha, at the mouth of Spring Creek into a large field of blackberries that had been thrown out to the commons. Brother William was along, with several of the neighbor boys and girls. After we had gathered several gallons of berries that were large and fine, one mischievous girl in the party took up a handful of fruit and threw it in William's face. She followed this with another, and another, till finally, William, who had long refused to join in the sportful fray, being encouraged by the crowd to retaliate, threw a handful in her face. The fun now commenced in earnest; and the two combatants had it up and down, dab for dab, spat for spat, shot for shot, till worn completely out, they quit with their faces, their hair and their clothes thoroughly besmeared with the blood of that luscious fruit, and with the waste of about seven gallons of berries.

The burning springs, so called, were about three miles from our house, and were the site of our post-office. These springs got their name from the spontaneous escape, through the earth in certain spots, of natural gas, which, on coming in contact with the air, took fire, and burned steadily, day and night, in little blue blazes. But when the oil wells were sunk in that vicinity these blazes all went out. One day I went to

the post-office and rode a young blind mare. She did very well till, on the return, we got within a mile of home. Then she got frisky and wanted to play. She skipped, jumped, reared and finally stood nearly straight upon her hind feet. Still I stayed in the saddle. But when she sent her hind feet up as if she were kicking at the sun, I went down over her right shoulder into the mud; and as she jumped over me she struck my head with one of her feet, and raised a knot on my skull as big as a hen egg. The wound bled freely, and for awhile I was as blind as a bat. I tried to get up, but could neither stand nor see for some minutes. I sat down on a bank by the road till I could clear my vision and steady myself. Eventually my sight was restored and my nerves braced. I found one of my shoes on the bank of a creek near by, and my saddle up the road a little way. I put on my shoe, picked up the saddle, and started to find the mare. But for some time she did not appear. I kept on, however, and at last found her. She had got into a patch of brush and tied herself. Her bridle was still on. I put on the saddle, unfastened her from the bush, and seeing that the mischief was not yet all out of her, I threw the reins over her head, told her to go, and she went. I followed on foot, and when I got home she was there apparently satisfied.

We had a school at Hill Grove, and a splendid Sabbath school. We all took a great interest in our Sunday School. Our superintendent, Mr. John White, was a Pennsylvanian, a good physician, a well educated man, and was in every way admirably qualified for the place he held over us. One year we celebrated the fourth of July with another Sunday School over the river. Both schools had learned a song, of which the first verse, if I rightly remember it, was as follows:

"With joy we meet,
With smiles we greet,
Our schoolmates bright and gay.
Bedry each tear,
Of sorrow here;
'Tis Independence Day."

There were several other verses, but this is the only one I can recollect. We crossed the river, met the other school on the opposite side, and united with it in singing this song; and I tell you the woods and hills rang with the echoes when we came to the end of the last line. The school we met stepped to one side, and let us pass. We took the lead, they fell in the rear, and we all marched in double file, teachers of whom I was one, leading their classes to a finely shaded place in the woods, where rustic rostrums were erected, and where we heard the reading of the great Declaration of Independance and listened to a number of eloquent speeches, among

which was a masterpiece delivered by the superintendent of Hill Grove. The hospitality of West Virginia was grandly exhibited by the people round about, all of whom united in making a bountiful spread of good things to eat; and we had a repast which was never forgotten by those who that day partook of the feast. In a few years we returned the compliment and invited all the schools around and had tables spread under the apple trees in the big orchard at Lee's mill with all the delicious things that could be had.

My father's brother, William Cline, spent much of his time at our house, and he always delighted in giving pleasure to us children. While sister Mary Elizabeth, then in her twenty-first year, and a young wife, lay sick of a fever, Uncle William caught a red bird, caged it, and brought to us for her amusement. But he had never sounded the depths of her sympathetic nature. It put her in misery to see the bird deprived of its liberty. And one day when Uncle William was absent she asked for the cage. Some one of us handed it to her. She took it, and opened it with her pale, thin hand. The bird flew out, and she told it to go and be free. In a few days from that time her pure, angel soul took its flight to its blessed eternal home. This darling sister and I joined the Methodist

Episcopal church south together when she was seventeen and I was fifteen years old. Our parents belonged to that church; and lived devoted, christian lives.

Brother Girard had gone off to school and got a good education. Soon afterwards he married, and taught school in a number of places in West Virginia. Sister Hetty married and moved away, and not long afterwards our brother, William took the matrimonial road. This left four of us girls at home.

We used to ride on horseback a great deal in West Virginia. One day in riding to the post-office, I had to cross a river. On a gentle, old horse I went over at what we called the lower ford on a nice, smooth, rock bottom. On my return, I crossed the river at another place, being advised that I would cut off a mile by so doing.

A lady at the ford told me that a great many people crossed there. The water, being shallow at the start, I got along very well till I came within seventy-five or eighty feet of the home-ward shore. Then the horse suddenly plunged into deep water over his head. The wonder is that I did not fall over his head. But he knew his business. At once he commenced swimming. The lady at the ford cried, "Let him have loose reins!" So I did. I believe I was then worse scared than I ever was in my life before or since.

But the good, old, faithful horse took me in safety to the shore. At the first touch of land, he encountered some logs and drift wood which he could not get over. But I guided him up stream to where he could make his way out. We ascended the bank, I jumped off, led him up the road to a stump, remounted him, and rode home a very happy girl.

Spring Creek, like all streams that are flanked by hills and mountains; was a terror in flood seasons. At such times it rose to a great height, and spread its surging waters over its bottoms to a depth that enabled us to ride, as we often did, in skiffs through abandoned dwellings, going in at one door or window and out at another, catching fish as we went. When this stream was low its water was remarkably clear; and my brothers frequently went gigging in it at night. Some of us girls generally accompanied them, to hold the pine torch, and to carry the strings of fish. We took it as fun to wade the stream, light-handed. But when the strings of fish got heavy, and the torch had to be kept bright there was very little real sport about it.

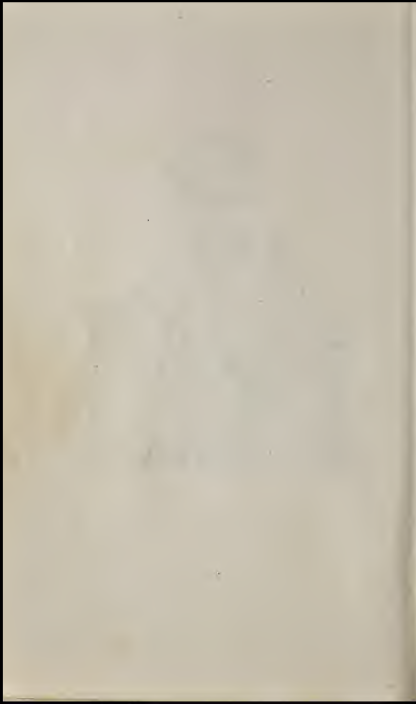
The years rolled by, and the Civil war of 1861 was upon us.

Two months after the marriage of sister Catherine, and on January, 28, 1862, I was married to James Jackson West. He was born August

18, 1828, about six miles from Morgantown, Monongahela county, West Virginia, of well-to-do and eminently respectable parentage. With his parents he moved down on the Little Kanawha river in 1842. Through misfortune his father had lost a valuable farm of six hundred acres near Morgantown; and though James was then only about fourteen years old, he saw the need of providing for the old folks a new home. And to this necessity he applied himself industriously. The country was new, work hands were not in much demand and wages were exceedingly low. But James went to work for his brother-in-law, S. C. Burson, at twenty-five cents a day, at the same time he bought a colt on credit at \$25 and in due season paid for it. He then entered a tract of four hundred acres of State land on the Little Kanawha, and sent the entry to Richmond, where it lay in the land office for six months subject to a caveat, before he could get his patent. Having finally obtained his title from the state, he sold his colt for \$40 to Mr. Silas Belt, and used part of the money to pay for the survey of his land. He was a proud boy when he saw what he had so well accomplished. The West family consisted of the two parents and nine children—seven girls and two boys, James being the younger of the two lads. His father died in 1857, his mother in 1861. He has



James Jackson West.



still a sister younger than himself (Catherine) and she is still living.

After our marriage, my husband and I lived some three years at the West homestead near the Little Kanawha. Not long after our settling there, Mr. West and I went to my old home to get a finely bred, young cow—the gift of my father—that I had raised as a pet. I rode a horse, but husband walked to drive the cow. We had no trouble in catching her and getting a rope around her horns. The distance to drive was about five miles, and she went along very well till we got about half way back. Then she began to tire, took a notion to return home, became contrary, and began turning from side to side of the road. Thinking that she might mind me better than she would Mr. West, I asked him to let me drive her. He handed me the rope, I alighted and took it, and he led my horse. We had reached the top of a hill which we had to descend. There she made a quick jump, jerked the rope out of my hand, and started down the hill on a fast run. I put my foot on the rope to stop her; but there was no stop in that piece of live machinery. The loop at the end of the rope caught my foot, and down the rocky road went cow and woman, the latter on the flat of her back screaming for help, which scared the cow to a quickening of her speed.

with every jump, while Mr. West was following at a two minute gait to save me. Near the foot of the hill I got my foot out of the loop, and Mr. West picked me up. I was considerably bruised. We found the cow feeding on the bottom, and husband had to get wife, cow and horse home the best way he could.

One day during the civil war Mr. West and I thought we would go to the Springs to trade some. We expected to return at noon. A few minutes after we had started to the Springs four thousand confederate cavalry men, all dressed in grey uniforms came to the Springs, a few of them stopping at our house to get water. Sister Louisa, then only fourteen years old, and staying with us had just churned. The greys asked for a drink of buttermilk, and she gave it to them. They asked if the occupant of the place was a blue or grey. She answered that the owner of the premises, who was also the occupant, was a confederate. Seeing a saddle hanging up somewhere about the house one of them said to Louisa: "We need this. If the man of this place is a blue he ought to lose it, and if he is a grey he will be willing to give it to the cause." They talked that way to see what she would say. They appropriated the saddle, but treated Louisa very kindly. They came on to the Burning Springs, where my brother William then lived. They

quarantined the town, and at once proceeded to burn all the oil that was barreled up at the Springs. A large flat boat on the river near by was loaded with barrels of oil, waiting for high water. They set the boat on fire, the burning oil escaped from the barrels, and for miles made the surface of the river a blazing sheet of flame. But while they burned all the oil, the Confederates claimed that the Federal government was running gun boats with it, they protected effectually the property of all the citizens of the Springs—of blues and greys alike. Of course my husband and I were necessarily detained at the Springs longer than we expected to be. We did not return home until late that evening and found sister all right.

At the close of the civil war, 1865, the country was rife with speculation, and crowded with speculators of every sort. It was a great time to sell every kind of prospects; and West Virginia, especially in the little Kanawha region, being full of enthusiastic investors in oil land. Mr. West, took advantage of the tide and sold his land (400 acres) at \$22,000, in the spring of that year to a company of New Yorkers. Then we sold our live stock, our household goods, etc., and started for Missouri. Our journey lay through Kentucky, and via Cairo, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. It was made almost wholly by water,

down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. We took boat at Parkersburg, West Virginia, and stopped off enroute at the home of David West, a brother of my husband, in the Corn Cracker State, about twenty miles above Cincinnati. Here we had a pleasant visit of about one month, and during that time made the agreeable acquaintance of Mr. John Montgomery, then a Kentuckian, but now a Kahoka, Missourian. This gentleman, having made a trip to Clark County, Mo., where he had bought a piece of land, gave us such a glowing description of the region in which he had made his purchase that we were not long in deciding to see the Eldorado by which he had been smitten. We took steamer down the Ohio with lively expectations, made the turn northward at the mouth of that stream, plowed the adverse current of the Fathers of Waters on one of the most delightful of rides and landed in Alexandria, Mo., on the 5th of May, 1865. This brought us into Clark county, but we at once hired a livery rig, and drove to Kahoka, the present seat of justice. Here we stopped at a hotel kept by a man named Kelly. With our niece, Cornelia West (daughter of David West) who had accompanied us from Kentucky, we were well fed and commodiously lodged for about three weeks, during which we were thoroughly rested from a trip of eleven days. We

had brought our money in a carpet sack just as we had carried things in several other hand bags, the carpet sack stayed with us in the hotel without ever being suspected of containing any treasure.

After taking a somewhat extended look-round which covered portions of Lewis county and other quarters, Mr. West returned, saying that he had found no place that suited him any better than Kahoka prairie, and this decided our location. He at once proceeded to buy from Moses Clauson three hundred and sixty-five acres of land in the vicinity of the Kahoka of that day, but much of the purchase is either within, or right up to, the limits of the Kahoka of the present day. Mr. Charles Sherwood, Mr. Greenlee, Mr. Clay, Mr. Henry Myers, Mr. Harvy Montgomery and Mr. William Turner, are all living on parts of that track of 365 acres, which Mr. West purchased at \$40 an acre. We moved onto our home farm adjoining Kahoka, extending from Dr. Beard's present residence to the McNally track of land, on the last of May 1865, and began farming quite extensively. We put 220 acres under cultivation. We had orchards of apples, peaches and cherries, the last named being remarkably abundant in fruit. I remember one year that gave us a crop of twenty-one bushels of cherries; and I put up five bushels in

preserves and cans. We had farm hands, we milked eight cows, and that took work. There was very little demand for milk, so we made butter and gave the milk to the hogs, of which we had a fine lot. I had to hire help. I was fortunate in securing a very good girl of large experience and highly commendable industry. In course of no long time Mr. West's brother David moved from Kentucky out to Clark county, Mo., and bought the Doc. Allen farm, which lay just south of a track of sixty acres owned by us. Here David had a pleasant home for himself and family. But after a while he sold it to Mr. W. W. Johnson. This Mr. Johnson, when we came to Kahoka, lived in the yellow frame house that now stands on the lots occupied by the Streeter Lumber Company. Neighbors were then not very numerous, but they were kind and helpful. Of places of business in 1865 about the only ones that I can remember were the Post-office and a little store kept, I believe, by a Mr. William Cohagan.

In the fall of 1865 robbers entered our house. A few days before this Mr. West had been out buying some cattle. At the time of the happening of the burglary we were alone, with the exception of our little niece, Cornelia West. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and we were seated in the sitting room by the stove; for the

weather was quite cool. Mr. West was fixing my side saddle a little, for it hurt the horse's back. I had my shoes off and was warming my feet by the fire. And all of a sudden the front door opened; but at first we paid little attention to that, for we were accustomed to the coming in at about that time of day of a couple of boys who were much about the house. But when two stalwart, masked men stepped up to Mr. West with drawn revolvers and pointing them directly at him, demanded his money, we saw plainly enough that the visitors were not boys. He had a big knife in his hand that he was using on my saddle. They compelled him to close it up and put it in his pocket. Then they told him they would shoot him if he didn't tell them where his money was, and told him to hand up his pocket-book. He had about one-hundred dollars in his pocket, which was left from his cattle purchase of the day and there was nothing for him to do but deliver it. To their questions, "Have you any more money?" He answered "no." Then they said, "If you lie to us, and we find it out, we will blow your brains out." They then turned and went into the parlor and went through everything, but found no money there. I was getting on my shoes about this time but I did not get them laced up. The burglars came out of the parlor and one of them went into our

bed room, while the other one kept guard over Mr. West. The one that entered the bed room soon came out, having found nothing that he cared for. At about this juncture the pair caught a glimpse of Mr. West's watch and chain, on which he set a high value, as it was one that he had brought from West Virginia, and for which he had given a favorite horse considered worth \$200. Oh, but Mr. West did get angry when the burglars took that watch and chain from him.

As I started one of the robbers went again into our bedroom, went through the closet, and turned the bed up side down. In that room I had a bunch of keys and a ring in a little basket. He knew where to find them just as quickly as I could have done it myself. He came out, and said he did not find anything. The fellow that guarded Mr. West kept his revolver in hand all the time, ready to shoot at any moment. I had but one lamp that had oil in it. The twain both pointed their pistols at Mr. West, one aiming at his head, the other at his heart, hissing through their teeth, "If you don't tell us where your money is we'll blow your brains out." He answered not a word. I jumped between him and them and screamed. One of them, who wore a blue overcoat, grabbed me, and almost threw me on my head. The burglars ordered little Cornelia to bring them some matches, for they did not

want to take the lamp away from us. They made her obey them, but she was very much afraid. The one not on guard then went up stairs to look for money. Presently the one on guard said to Cornelia, "You go up and show him where the money is; for we know you have got some about the house, and we think it is up stairs." She stood behind my chair, and held on to it, and he tried to pull her loose. Then he said, "You go!" to me, and took hold of my arm. I looked at Mr. West. He was as white as a sheet. He could see from my look that I was not going up stairs unless I was forced to go. I went out of the sitting room into the dining room from which the stairway led up. The stair door was a little ajar. I stepped softly to it and looked up and saw the robber right where we had some money in a closet. I thought sure that he would get it. The robber on guard could not see me and presumed that I had gone up stairs. I stepped to the dining room door, opened it softly and kept watching the fellow that was guarding Mr. West and Cornelia; for the door between the dining room and the sitting room was open, and the light was in the latter apartment. I then opened the kitchen door onto an east porch, looked all around, saw no one outside and was afraid to go round to the front of the house. Our truck patch was before me. It was surrounded

with a high board fence. I climbed over, or rather, I climbed to the top of the fence and fell over on the out side, tore my dress and broke my puff combs. My shoes were still untied and it bothered me to run very fast. I gathered up my dress, started through a corn patch, crossed the fence again and ran over the street to Mr. W. W. Johnson's, for he was our nearest neighbor. But he was not at home. His wife, however, was a ready helper. She went with me to the house of her sister, Mrs. Cohagan. But the latter lady's husband was away from home and we ran to a writing school that was in session that night in town and gave the alarm. Every man ran to his house and got his revolver or his gun. Meantime the hotel, having caught the alarm, all the men there armed themselves and were soon at the scene of the robbery. By this time I was so nervous that I could scarcely walk, but I managed to get home. Soon after I left the house to hunt for help, the robber who had gone up stairs came down and not seeing me, called out: "Where is that woman?" His pall answered, "Why I sent her up where you was." To this the interrogator replied, "Well, you're a dam pretty guard. Now let's get out of here." The twain at once started out, unlocking the door which they had locked as they came in, and bidding Mr. West good night, made their escape.

Mr. West got his gun, hurried to the back porch and shot at them, but of course they were too far away for him to hit either of them. The robbers were gone scarcely fifteen minutes when the house was full of men and they were talking of getting blood hounds to chase the burglars down, and about sending descriptions of the rascals to all points at which escape from the state may be quickly effected. On my return Mr. West said to me, "Well, they have got all we had." How do you know," said I. "Well," he replied, I have been where we kept it, and it is not there." I turned to him and said, "You follow me." We left the crowd (they did not miss us) and went up stairs to the closet and there I gladdened his eyes with the sight of \$6,000 which I drew out of its hiding place. We had kept it there because there were then no banks in Kahoka. To Mr. West I gave these words of caution: "Say nothing about this; for there may be as big thieves in the house as have gone out of it." The crowd was mixed and many of them especially those from the hotel, were strangers to us. We thought a girl who had been in our service might have given the information which put the burglars on the track of our cash, but we could not prove it. Some of our neighbors stayed with us over the night of the robbery and the next day Mr. West and Mr. W. W. Johnson

took the money to Keokuk, Ia., and put it in a bank. The burglars were never caught, but we had our suspicions as to who they were.

After this frightful experience with burglars we had a prolonged season of quiet and peaceful enjoyment, followed by a considerable accession to the western branch of our family. My brother William Cline, with his wife and little Charley Cline, a little boy they took to raise moved from West Virginia to Clark county, Mo., settled on 80 acres of our land west of Kahoka, and farmed it well. In the spring of 1869, John Montgomery and family moved from Kentucky, and took up their abode on the place now occupied by Clifford Montgomery, on the confines of Kahoka. We felt happy in these acquisitions of kinfolks and old acquaintances to our new home circle. When Clifford Montgomery was born, and when Harvey Montgomery was born, I was called to their mother's bedside by her insistant request, and those two important occurrences, cemented a close friendship between us and the Montgomeries which has ever since endured. I have always called Harvey and Clifford my boys.

The Clark County fair was in those days held at the abandoned and almost forgotten county seat—Waterloo, and though the place was quite remote from commercial centers, the shows were

generally good and the attendance was always large. In the course of a few years Mr. West's brother David moved back to Kentucky, taking his family, all except his son John who remained here. But not long afterwards David West moved from Kentucky to Scott County, Mo., and subsequently died there.

After coming west I made several trips back to the dear, old homestead in West Virginia. But there was one trip (the second) that I think to be worth narrating. It was before Kahoka had a railway, but not before Warsaw, Ill., had one. I was going alone, and Mr. West took me in a buggy to Alexandria, Mo. There we crossed over in a ferry boat to Warsaw where I had to stay over night, and take the train in the morning at three o'clock. The hotel at which I stopped assured me that I should be waked in good time for my train, and I went to bed for a much needed rest. Within fifteen minutes of the time to start, the hotel clerk rapped on my bed room door. I arose in a hurry, washed my face, combed my hair and got my shoes on but not laced up, when there was another rap, followed instantly by the startling call: "You'll have to be in a hurry or you'll miss your train. The conductor is going now. You can go with him." My watch, cuffs, collar, breastpin and combs all lay on the stand. I raked them into a little basket that I

had brought with me, got my coat on but not buttoned up, nor my shoes tied, and started on the jump for the depot, running every step of the way, with one hand holding my coat together and the other carrying my basket. When I reached the depot the train was starting and already a short distance away. But the conductor seeing me, waved a stop, backed the train, ran to me, picked me up, ran back to the train and put me on. In the coach which I entered there were but two persons and they were sitting away back. Running about four blocks in the face of a keen wind was enough to put my hair and hat out of all shape. But a large mirror right in front of me in the coach, enabled me to readily get my raiment in proper order; and the sun soon appearing to gladden the ever-changing scenes, that morning was the opening of one of the most pleasant trips that I ever made in my life. Father and mother were living then and I found them all well. Met with no more trouble going or coming back to our home in Kahoka, Mo.

OUR TRIP TO KANSAS IN 1872.

It seems that we were not unsmitten with the prevalent passion of our day to follow the course of empire toward the setting sun. From West Virginia we saw our Eldorado in North Missouri, but after we had been in Kahoka a few years

the scene shifted, and our ideal field of labor appeared much nearer to the Pacific. In the fall of 1872 we sold our household goods and started to Colorado to take up the live stock industry. We had sold our home place, now owned by Mr. Charles Sherwood, and also eighty acres east of Kahoka, where Mr. Harvey Montgomery now lives. All the rest of our land, in and about Kahoka, we kept, except ten acres (forty lots) which we donated to the city, and which lies south of the Central park. We were not alone in our move. My brother William Cline, with his wife and little Charley, and John West, joined my husband and myself in making up a congenial party that took the road on the same day for the same place. We went by wagon, and were four weeks on the way. My brother and John West drove big wagons, while Mr. West and I had a light spring wagon. The vehicles were all covered. John and William started a half day ahead of husband and I, and a change in the route on the part of John and my brother, threw them out of gear with us, and caused a delay of more than a day at St. Joseph, where we waited for them to come in. Meanwhile John, having the shot gun and all the cooking utensils with him, we were compelled to stop at houses for food, rest and safety, enroute to St. Joseph, contrary to our intentions of camping and prepar-

ing our own meals in the old-time pioneer style. Mr. West and I made an effort to find my uncle, William Boyd, (my mother's brother) while waiting at St. Joseph, but were unable to locate him. There was great rejoicing when the two big wagons came in; and after a rest of three days we all crossed the Missouri river together on a St. Joseph ferry boat and with the shot gun, the cooking vessels and the "grub box" all with us, we separated no more till we reached our journey's end. We went south through Doniphan county, Atchison county and Shawnee county (all in Kansas) to Topeka, the capital of the Sun flower state. From that city we proceeded north through Pottawatomie county, (named for the Pottawatomie Indians who had a reservation in it) and on into Riley county. During this part of our trip we crossed the Big Blue and Little Blue rivers, whose waters are so clear that you can see every inch of their smooth rock bottoms. And while we were fording streams we were getting fresh food every day. The men caught fish and shot small game. We built our camp fires, cooked our own meals, having among other vessels an old fashioned skillet and lid for biscuit making; and when meal time came we ate with a hearty relish. This sort of travel improved my health considerably. Yet I cannot say that I enjoyed it all together, the

draw-back to my happiness being the feeling that I was getting so far from father and mother that I should never see them again. I recollect the first dugout that we saw. It was dug down so low into the earth that the roof almost touched the ground. Through the roof came a stove pipe pouring the smoke out on the air. At first we thought Indians were living there. Our curiosity was great, and it was the greatest in John West. He was bound "to be showed." So, with a cup in his hand and a plausible excuse on his tongue, down the front steps he went, rapped at the door of that semi-subteranean residence and asked for water. With a full bucket and another cup the lady of the house, with several children came out. The good woman and the ruddy "children" were clean, nice and interesting to look upon. To save appearances and to help John out abit, we all drank from the generous bucket and the water was excellent. We drove on into Clay County and into Clay Center, one of the most thrifty of Kansas villages. We continued our course, going up the Republican river and crossing it into Clay County. So far we had had, very good weather. But one evening after we had crossed the Republican, it looked as if a storm were coming up and we sought shelter at a ranch that lay in our way. The people who owned the ranch were well-to-do and

with generous hospitality they offered us a dugout which they had just vacated to go into a new stone house near by and which they were then finishing. We were glad indeed to accept this favor; for a very black, threatening cloud was rapidly approaching. They were still cooking in the dugout and kindly gave us the use of their stove, which rendered us a good service in the preparation of our supper. We got our beds in and our horses under shelter none too soon; for the threatened storm of wind and rain came upon us with a rush, but found us in the dry and in safety from wind; for even a tornado fails to get a twist on a dugout.

When night came we fixed our beds on the earth floor, with prairie grass under them, and all lay down with the blessed assurance of a night's perfect rest. But this assurance was not of long duration; for it was no dream when after a short sleep we awoke to find our beds literally afloat. A gopher hole in the wall of the dugout, unknown to our kind hearted entertainers, was the cause of the trouble. Nothing was left for us to do but to pile our beds above high water mark and sit on them till morning. Our friends, the ranch people, were both surprised and grieved at the situation when they discovered it, and would have us to eat breakfast and dinner with them on the day following the storm. The sun

shone bright and warm on that day. We got our beds all dry and put new straw in them. We had feather beds with us but they did not get wet. Greatly refreshed by an excellent dinner, we heartily thanked the noble, stranger friends whose kind attentions had so awakened our gratitude, and took up our journey for Jewell County. As we drove along the grass appeared to get shorter and shorter all the time, which circumstance we took as an indication that the land was getting poorer as we proceeded, and this discouraged us. But we found out later that this grass (buffalo grass) is the richest and most nutritious in the world for all grazing animals, but that its height does not always show the quality of the soil that produces it. It grows, generally, three or four inches high, but has no stock. Its seed is at the root. In the fall when the seed gets ripe it turns red, and that is the time at which it reaches the fullness of its fattening qualities.

We were still going west, across over into Smith County. There we rested up, without going further in that direction. Turning south we went to where we had sight of the Kansas Pacific railroad, and then proceeded on into Osborne County, where we had our first meal of buffalo meat. Driving on till dusk that day, the men commenced looking for a place to camp. While they were thus engaged, I got down from the

wagon for a little stroll and a pretty big cry; for it seemed to me that we were getting out of the world and that I would never again get to see the old homestead. I had got so that I would not cry in the presence of the men, because it gave rise to such unhappy feelings in them. I went down to a little stream where there was a grassy place. There I lay down, fell into a deep study, and was becoming unconscious of what was around me, when all of a sudden John West who was out hunting, came along and found me. "O, Aunt," he exclaimed, "These woods are thick with wolves, and you might have been torn to pieces." I became so frightened that I could scarcely return to the wagon, and perhaps would have failed if John had not accompanied me. I had not dreamed of there being a wolf in the country. A camping place had been found, and we all got into the wagon to go to it. All at once the horses snorted and stopped, and not a little were we terrified at seeing a troop of wolves run under the horses' necks. We could hear them, and could occasionally get a glimpse of them. We got to our camping place, and made a big fire to drive the wolves away. It was the fresh buffalo meat we had with us that made them so vicious. But the fire scared them out for a while. Supper over, a number of wolf stories were told and they all except myself, went to bed. I

thought I would stay up a while and try to get a good sight of some of those beasts, feeling assured of safety by the nearness of the wagons, and in the belief that the log heap fire would keep the wolves away. But they began to howl presently, and then drew near. They soon got to howling all round. They could not get the meat for it was locked up in a chest. I began to get frightened, thinking they might come up behind me, while perhaps they were all asleep. So I moved toward the wagon in a hurry. When I got there I called, but no answer. All asleep! In climbing into the wagon I thought I would never make the entry. I imagined that a wolf was just ready to grab me at any moment, and I fell over into the wagon and awoke Mr. West. He wanted to know what was the matter, and I told him of my imagination. He went to sleep, and so did I, after a protracted spell of wakefulness.

We kept on south, on the following day, into Russell County, crossed the Saline river and at a distance of about four miles from our crossing entered Russell, the seat of justice, and arranged to make a protracted stay in that town, for the purpose of taking a much needed rest after being on the road four weeks. Here we had the misfortune of losing one of our best horses from the effect of his having drunk too heartily of the alkaline water of the Saline river. The men rent-

ed a house and barn from a Wisconsin man who with his boy, was living at Russell. We had the use of his furniture, which suited us as we did not want to buy just then. We were there but a few days when little Charlie Cline took the measles. In about a week my brother's wife took them. I had my hands full. By the time the sick ones recovered, our men, being well pleased with that part of Kansas, gave up the notion of going to Colorado, and with six hundred cattle bought by Mr. West, had gone out onto the buffalo range. The town of Russell was then only about one year old. It had been built up chiefly by a colony of enterprising people from Wisconsin, and was a bright, new place. Our men folks found that they could do well with cattle on the range not far away. We rented another house temporarily, and then bought one of our own, and kept boarders for about three years. Meantime brother William had gone into the restaurant business with the first man of whom we rented. We milked several cows, had plenty of milk to throw away, and were very successful with our boarding house. And while we were doing lots of business we were not without pleasure. We had a buffalo calf that was quite a source of amusement and we called her Rosa. It drank milk and slop like a pig, and would lie down flat on its side to be rubbed and petted. But our nic-





est and most lively pets were four young antelopes. One of these I bought from a boy for 25c, and the other three were captured on the range, and brought in by Mr. West. A fresh cow that had lost her calf readily accepted the wild babies and adopted them as her own. But they were too little to reach her udder from the ground, and for some time we had to hold them up to enable them to draw their sustenance from their foster mother. They were very hearty eaters, were soon at home in their new situation, and grew rapidly to that symmetrical and graceful maturity for which their species is distinguished. They were exceedingly docile and wonderfully smart, playful and frolicsome. To the children of the neighborhood they were favorite sources of fun and amusement, and we became strongly attached to them.

In those days Indian visitors were not uncommon in Russell and on coming into town they were in the habit of leaving their squaws and papooses on the outskirts of the place. One day a gang of them came into my brother's restaurant and begged for several things. They noticed my brother's wife there in her working clothes, and they always remembered what they noticed. In the afternoon she and I went out calling. She was then dressed up, of course. We met the same Indians and on looking at her,

they broke forth in chorus:— "Oh heap pretty squaw!" They then turned in on our trail and followed along after us. We thought to get rid of them at the first call. But, no! The moment they opened the door the Indians were at our heels and were in before we were. Several ladies were there and some of them had gold watches and chains and were ornate with other jewelry. The Indians, getting a glimpse of what they called "the shinies," begged for them. The ladies put them off finally by giving them some cheap "shiny" buttons. Such was the character of the "noble red men" of Kansas at that time. I will tell you my own experience with a crowd of them. I was sitting on the lounge one day, with my back to the window, sewing. All at once the window got so dark that I could not see to sew; I thought it was a cloud. To my surprise it was a great big Indian looking through at me. I turned my face from the window, but sat still; thought that if I did not notice him he would go away. I did not know what to do. The window got lighter. I looked to see if he had gone. He had just stepped back. He made a bow to me and I nodded my head. In a moment he was in at the door, with another one right behind him. I was instantly on my feet. One of the two Indians handed me a paper. Just then a neighbor woman, who knew that I was alone, came in. I

read the paper which they gave to me. It said that if Johnson, Joe or Bill asked for something to eat I should give it to them; that if I treated them rightly they would treat me rightly, and that I should give them good strong coffee. I complied with this request. The pair sat down to their meal jabbering their Indian talk; and my! how they did eat and gulp down their coffee. I gave the coffee to them in a quart cup to be used between them and they emptied the cup twice. When they had about half emptied the second cup they proceeded to the game of snatching the cup from one another, which seemed to afford them lots of fun; for they laughed incessantly while thus amusing themselves. Then they stuffed their roundabouts with what food they could not eat. We had a stuffed owl (the one that Mr. J. Curtis, of Kalioka, has now in his restaurant) sitting on a shelf. The two Indians wanted to take it. They got it down and commenced hooting like an owl. I told them in a firm voice that they could not have the bird, and ordered them to put it back. They reluctantly obeyed me, and took up their departure. You have to be stern with Indians if you get along with them.

At times when it snows in Kansas, the wind blows and piles the snow into mountainous drifts. On one occasion while we were keeping boarders

at Russell, the trainmen who stopped for meals every day, sent us a telegraph order for fifty lunches, with coffee, to be taken to the depot in the course of an hour. I had good help. We went to work in a hurry, sent up to brother's restaurant and got a good supply of cakes, cookies, bread, pies and doughnuts. I had a new tin boiler, never used before. We put that on and made coffee. When the snow plow arrived, the order for lunches was no longer fifty, but ninety, in addition to about forty dinners that were served at the house. Mr. West had just killed and hung up a young beef in the barn. The superintendent, the conductor, one of the directors and the fireman with a gang of carpenters, all dined at the house. They were a very hungry lot of men. I think they had gone twenty-four hours without anything to eat. But still the superintendent told us to feed the men at the depot first. So we put milk and sugar in the coffee and sent it over to the station in the big boiler, with a large clothes basket full of provisions; and that load had to go twice to the half famished men. Then we commenced cooking for those that were in the house and they sat down at the table before the meal was ready, begging to be excused, pleading that they were almost starved, and on the appearance of the waiters, devouring all that came in sight as fast as it came to them. The directors and

conductors sat back and greatly enjoyed seeing their men eat. I asked them why they did not sit up to the table. "Oh," said they, "let the men that work eat first; and if there is any thing left we will take it." So kind and considerate were they to those who were under them. At twelve o'clock that night the carpenters expected to be back for lunch. The snow plow moved on westward, and the passenger train was expected the next day at noon. The local agent of the road, at Russell, kept a house that he called the Occidental. But his wife never bothered herself about the kitchen. On the morning after the departure of the snow plow, he sent a runner eastward to meet the passenger train, and to tell the passengers that the only house in Russell was the Occidental. The truth is that there were two others, besides brother's restaurant, in the town, and the Occidental was the poorest concern in the place. In location he had the advantage of any of his competitors, and he thought he would use it, even if he did have to tell a falsehood. We prepared dinner. The Occidental rang a bell from the depot to the house, and going by the word given down the road, the passengers followed the bell, and being very hungry, sat down at the table. They waited till they got tired of calling for victuals. Then trouble commenced. The landlord, hearing the complaint, went to the

kitchen to expedite matters, and then to the dining room to exhort his customers to have patience. But the guests, not being able to make a satisfactory meal on patience, began to get out of the Occidental and to look for other places. Some of them found us, others went to brother's restaurant and others to another hotel. Only a few remained for dinner at the Occidental; and they bore away a tale of woe—of potatoes and turnips half-cooked, of meats dropping with blood, and of miserable service at the table. The agent—landlord's trick brought its natural fruit. The Occidental had not a single man for supper and afforded a fresh proof of the fact that "honesty is the best policy," came very near losing his position, the agent received a lesson of no small value to him. We had all that we could feed in the evening. The passengers went west that night just as they got a dispatch to come.

Now a word more about our pet antelopes. We named them Frankie, Billy, Mollie and Nan-nie. We put red ribbons on them so they would not be shot by the hunters. They got to going out on the range seven or eight miles. The section hands on the railroad often saw them out at grass and when these men started to their homes in town the antelopes would start in to, and would beat the hand car to the end of the trip. Billy was the one that I bought, and he seemed



The Antelopes.

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to like to play with the neighbor boys better than with his four-legged mates. Antelopes in play, don't come at you with a bound, as a sheep or a goat would do. They just push. The Russel boys delighted in the fun they had with Billy. They would push with him and let him push them over, just to see him jump straight up and twist himself in token of his triumph over them. It was all play with him. So heartily did he take up with the boys that he got to going to school with them and would feed around the school house till recess to get to play with them when they came out. At noon, when they went home for dinner, he would come home too, but would return with them in the afternoon. Billy displayed a few goat traits now and then. Once when the dining room door was left open he went in and helped himself to some doughnuts that were on a glass stand, with a napkin under them on the table. He caught the napkin in his mouth but I caught him before he had time to pull it off. We had photographs made of these pets, when the time came for us to move, the circumstances being such that we sold them because we could not take them with us. We still have the pictures, however, and prize them very highly.

During our stay in Russel the railroad men and some of the city men had a lawsuit over

some ties or bridge timber; and the railroad men came to our house to board while the trial was going on. They filled the house to the running over point. Not having beds enough to supply them all, we sent some of them to other places. But they returned and said they would rather sleep on the floor than to go any where else to sleep. So, in as much as it was warm summer weather, we took some comforters, and made beds for them on the floor, and on those beds they slept soundly and were satisfied. They were witnesses on one side of the case and wanted to be together. A good, old Swede lady who lived just across the street from us, was always glad to help us when we were crowded. One morning during this railroad trial she came over, and as usual, hung her shawl on the cellar door in the kitchen at the head of the cellar stairway. In doing this she made a false step, and fell head foremost to the bottom of the cellar. I ran to the stairway to see if she was killed, and here she came crawling up the steps. She did not see Mr. West, who was down in the cellar cutting meat for dinner; and when he saw that she was not hurt he kept quiet. I asked her if she was badly injured, and she said, "No, my bones are like wire. They will bend but won't break." As soon as she got a full breath she asked:

"What's can do?" I told her to sit down and rest.

A little while before dinner, that day, a lawyer from Topeka came through our house into the kitchen, squared himself in the middle of the kitchen floor, and called out, "Is this where Mr. Blank" (the name has fled me,) "a lawyer, stops?" "Yes," I answered, "but he has never stopped in the kitchen." He whirled himself around, and with a laugh, got out of there. Being directed up stairs to find his man; he went up and told some of the guests that he got fired out of the kitchen and they answered: "Served you right." We had been in the boarding house business now about four years, and we were getting pretty tired of the hard work. So we thought we would rent the house out, and take a good rest. We had eight steady boarders, besides our heavy transient patronage from the railroad trains. We carried out our purpose, reserving two rooms for our own use. But before we rented we made a good-bye party for our friends and neighbors, to show our appreciation of the many kindnesses which we had received from them. We sent out one hundred invitations, and had eighty guests for supper—old, young, male and female. The entertainment was in the evening, and refreshments were served to be eaten from the lap. The lawn was well lighted, and swings and merry-go-rounds were provided for the amusement of

the young folks. Only one accident occurred, and that was in the case of a young man who was so rapidly turned in a merry-go-round that he became dizzy headed and fell out. But he soon recovered, and all went off nicely and to the pleasure of every one present.

What may be facetiously called another Indian raid, which took place before we concluded to rest from the work of feeding people, must not be forgotten. One day, at dinner time a gang of Indians, led by a chief, came into our dining room and sat down to the table. On taking their seats they promised to pay for their meal. We gave them a good dinner and plenty of it, including mince pie, which they would open and taste in great glee, snacking their mouths, jabbering and laughing as Indians are wont to do when they are well pleased. When they had eaten enough, one of the Indians, a big fellow with a heavy frown on his brow, came up behind me unobserved, as I stood in the pantry door and tapped me on the shoulder. Oh, but I was scared for a moment. I turned round quickly and he said gruffly: "We ain't goin to pay you." "Why so?" said I. "You promised to pay and we have always taken Indians to be as good as their word." "We ain't got no money," he replied. The other Indians were sitting at the table jabbering. Mr. West, who was in the office hearing

the clash, came into the dining room. A sign or two passed and instantly the Indian chief had Mr. West by the hand, and the grip established the fact that both were masons. This settled all disputes and the chief at once offered to pay for their dinners, but Mr. West declined the offer. then there was a general shake-hands, the Indians took their leave and it was proved to me that there are free masons among the Indians of North America.

The terrible and destructive grass-hopper year came to Kansas while we were in that state. It was in 1874 that these voracious pests came to Russell and vicinity in clouds that shut out the light of the sun. This was before we quit the boarding house. I had some carpets and lace curtains out on the line and before we could get them in the hoppers had eaten great holes in them. One of our neighbors had some corn growing. He took a lot of hands and went out to cut it up and while he and they were thus engaged, the hoppers eat the shirts nearly off of their backs. The visitation of these destroyers proved a frightful calamity to the Sunflower State. Crops were every where destroyed, vegetation was literally eaten out of the ground, roots and all. A distressing famine followed and but for the assistance rendered by the more fortunate states of the Union, thousands of people

must have succumb to starvation. The destitution in Russell County was swift in its coming; and Mr. West being then the foreman of the County Court, and Mayor of the city of Russell, received and distributed many car loads of provision, which were solicited by a county commission, and which came from generous contributors abroad for the relief of the people of Russell County. I will say that Mr. West, while in office, collected \$6,000 in taxes from the railroad, which had never before paid the county but very little taxes just as they pleased.

When we quit keeping boarders we rented our house to two private families, reserving two rooms for ourselves. Our cattle were out on a distant range; and for recreation I sometimes went out with the men (including Mr. West and brother William) to see the stock. On one of these outings the men folks concluded to enliven the trip with a buffalo hunt. By their invitation I was with them to see the sport. Huband, brother Will, myself and a big yellow dog were the party. We got to the camping place, put up a tent and got dinner. The men went on the hunt, but I thought it best for me to remain at the tent, rest up and cook some dried peaches.

The dog stayed with me, and it was not long till he began to walk around and sniffle and raise the bristles on the back of his neck. I became

alarmed for fear there might be Indians near by. I went out to look around several times, but could see nothing. Still the dog kept up his growling, bristling pace all afternoon. I said then that if I should be spared till the men returned I would never again stay alone, rain or shine. The next day I went out with the hunters. The hunt grew profitable, and was continued several days. The hunters went out in a light wagon, I with them every day, and my part of the sport was to hold the team while they crawled on their knees till they came within shooting distance; and when they killed one or two beasts they would beckon me, and I would drive to them, often having to cross dangerous washouts which you could not see till you was right into them. One day we were caught in a wet snow at the killing of a buffalo, and the men having just taken off the hide, wrapped it around me with the nice, clean wool next to me and the flesh side out. When tired of the camp I would go back to Russell and keep house in our reserved rooms. The hunt went on for a number of days, and resulted in the killing of more than a hundred buffalos. The skins and hair were of much value. Brother William and I sheared thirty pounds of hair for mattresses. He took fifteen pounds, and I have my share yet. Buffalo hair makes splendid

mattresses.

In 1876 brother Girard wrote from West Virginia that our precious mother was sick, and that we had better come home. So brother William, his wife, and myself started in a few days from Russell to see her. We arrived at the old homestead in due time, and found mother very sick. But she appeared to get a little better after our arrival. The home folks had two or three doctors for her. One would say her disease was one thing, and another would say it was another. But the trouble was in her throat. She suffered greatly; and her teeth all got loose and came out. I went to stay until mother got well. Brother William and his wife went to stay as long as they could. For they, having left their restaurant business in the care of a hired man, could not stay indefinitely. They remained about six weeks, during which there was no visible change in mother. However, the doctors in attendance said she would get well, and brother Will thought he would have to return to Russell. But oh, how he dreaded to start. He talked to us girls about it a week, but could not bring himself to break the matter to mother. He finally transferred the task to me, and after several days preparation, I summoned the courage to mention it to her. It was a hard duty, but it had to be performed. Tears stood in her eyes when I told her William

was going. The girls, unable to witness the trial, went out, and it was sometime before mother could speak. Nor did the girls desire to be present when brother William did go. Were there ever children that loved their parents as we loved ours? The hour came for the separation of mother and son. My sisters, under the weight of their grief, withdrew, mother leaning her head on my shoulder, sat up, and took William by the hand. It seems to me that all the sweetness and all the glory of an anticipated paradise shone through her weeping eyes when she said with unspeakable tenderness: "Farewell, William. Meet me on the banks of sweet deliverance, where pain and grief are known no more." But the trial was hard for brother, when he left her for the last time, and took his way toward the setting sun. Nor was it easy for her, after he had gone, and she felt that she should see him no more in this world. I tried to comfort her, with the assurance that she had been to our feet a guiding star, and that there were no regrets for her to carry through the dark valley.

Time was passing and mother appeared to make no improvement. The doctors assurance that she was getting better did not satisfy us. Father, brother Girard and some of my sisters were there all the time. Sisters Josephine and Louisa were married, and the former lived in

part of the house with father and mother. In former years the family had employed a very, superior, old physician named Guthery, but he had moved to Ohio, just across the river from Parkersburg. I was selected to go for him. So I drove to a landing, took a boat on the Little Kanawha and proceeding to Bellpre, O., via Parkersburg, found Dr. Guthrey and laid mother's case before him. He promptly informed me that the trouble was cancer in the throat and that no earthly power could cure it. But I insisted on his visiting mother, and returned on the boat to mother's bedside. The family asked what the doctor said. I told them and on the following day he was with us, and confirmed my report to them and to mother. Again I was the only one of the children that could bear to hear the saddening intelligence borne to mother's ears. And it was only the strongest sense of duty that sustained me in my efforts to comfort her while the doctor told her of the fatal affliction from whose relentless clutches there was no possible escape for her. With calmness she asked him how long she could live. He replied that it would depend on her appetite. She then asked him if she would choke to death. He said, "No, it will shrink." He then asked her if she was willing and ready to go. She answered that she was. Not long after this she began rapidly to decline. Her appetite failed,

she lost her power of utterance, and had to communicate with us by writing on a slate, which we held up to her, and on the 20th of July 1876 a convoy of angels carried her pure and sainted spirit to that relm of fadeless glory and endless happiness which the blood of Christ opens to all who believe in him and faithfully follow in his steps. I remained at the parental home till about the first of August. Father wanted to go home with me, and I strongly desired him to go, but he finally gave it up. One of my sister's boys (Austin Shepherd) took a notion to go out to Kansas. But I, having been free with my money in helping the home folks, had only \$50 left, and could hardly see how I could take him along. But he was a bright boy of some fifteen years, and was not without resources. He had a horse for which he had been offered \$40 by a Parkersburg man. And when I started home Austin rode the animal to Parkersburg, while I went on a boat. On reaching that city we stopped to sell the horse. But the prospective buyer had already made another purchase, and Austin's horse put up at auction, brought only \$25. The boy desired and needed a new suit of clothes and although he bought a very cheap one (costing but \$10), by the time we were ready to start west, our combined capital was so slim that we were able to buy tickets

only as far as Junction City, Kansas, having then but one dollar left with which to get food enroute. Nevertheless, we took train without hesitation and got along very well till we reached Kansas City. Here we discovered that our train from the east was behind time and that the one we expected to catch for the west had gone. Thus were we left without a cent of money. But we were not resourceless. I confess however, that my wits were puzzled. We had a lunch in our hand-basket that served for supper. We went to the Hotel Leland and took rooms. But more of that night was taken up in floor-pacing than in sleep; for I knew that Mr. West was out on the range and could not well be reached by telegraph. Morning came, and as luck would have it I succeeded in obtaining breakfast for myself and Austin by leaving a valuable ring with the landlord for security till I should redeem it. Austin—young looking, but large for his age—grieved at giving me so much trouble. Refreshed by a good morning meal, however, we took heart and went to the depot. But no sooner were we on the train than we began to fret and worry about what we would do at Junction City, whence our tickets would carry us no further. We arrived at the city in the afternoon. It was the end of a division, and a new conductor got on. Austin saying, "Oh aunt what

will we do." I answered, "I dont know but if they put us off, I will send to Russell for money." I was a member of the Eastern Star, but never once thought of making a sign for Masonic help. Yet most of the railroad men are masons. Presently the conductor was at our seats with the sharp call-word, "Tickets!" My embarrassment was unspeakable. I had never been caught on the train before without a ticket. Poor Austin's humiliation was beyoud measure, and as I looked first, at him and then at the conductor, I could not help smiling when I said, "We have no tickets." The man with the punch asked, "Have you any baggage?" I answered "Yes." He asked for my check. I gave it to him. He was gone a little while and returned with a great broad smile on his face and said, "It is all right. I will leave this check with the agent at your stopping place." The arrangement could not have suited me better, for as I told the conductor, I was well acquainted with our agent—Mr. Knight, a very nice gentleman. We arrived at Russell some time in the night. Our house being again used for a boarding house, Austin and I went over there and reserved rooms. As I had expected, Mr. West was away with his cattle. Next morning nephew and I went to the depot, and I asked Mr. Knight if he had received a check and a trunk. With a good natured laugh

he said, "Yes," and asked, "Are they yours?" "Yes" I answered "I have been stealing a ride." "Take them right along with you," he said. The charges were \$13 and when Mr. West came in they were promptly settled. In the mean time I was not long in recovering my ring. After a few days rest in Russell, my nephew and I went out to the range camp to stay awhile. This camp was very convenient in its location, and supremely excellent in all its appointments. The situation was on the bank of the Saline river. Right by it was a chrystal spring, cut out of a rock; and all around it lay the rich, undulating grasslands on which the cattle were growing plump and fat. The rock spring had probably been a favorite with the Indians; for we obtained beads of all colors by running our hands through a crevice in the rock bottom, though the ice-cold temperature of the water put a chill on this sort of amusement. My brother William being a wagon maker and a genius, had built for the campers a house on wheels. It was ten feet wide and eighteen feet long, with three half windows, and a door that locked. In it were placed a cook stove, a cupboard, two beds, a trundle bed, a table, five chairs and a bureau, while the two main divisions (sitting room and bed room) were separated by curtains. Nothing more novel, convenient or cozy was ever devised for the purpose

to be served. But to make a more complete provision for the accomodation of visitors and the like, the men had made a very fine dugout near by. Except on the occasion of a flood this unique herders' residence was complete. But it so happened that such an occasion came round during my stay up there. The house-wagon stood on the bank of the Saline. Just above it was a very narrow space of ground, flanked on one side by the river and on the other by an enormous hole caused by a tree that had blown up by the roots. The place was barely wide enough to admit of the passage of the wagon. It commenced raining and continued two or three days. Mr. West said, "If this rain keeps on we are going to have high water." But, as yet we could not see that the river was rising. Austin was asleep in the trundle bed. Charlie Cline was asleep in the dugout with a Mr. Williams who had some cattle on the range with ours. I went to bed, but did not sleep very soundly, on account of my fears of a sudden coming up of the Saline. It soon appeared that my fears were not groundless.

At one o'clock in the morning I looked out of a window, and oh, what a sight! As far as the eye could reach in every direction there was nothing to be seen but an apparently boundless sea of yellow water. All but me were soundly asleep. I gave the alarm. The men arose to face

a frightful situation. Two calves tied to a tree were buried in the water, all except their noses, which were lifted up to the fullest possible height. The water was almost ready to come in at the door, which was four steps from the ground. Barrels of corn, provided for feed, were floating around, and the oxen for the wagon were out, no one knew where. But the men were equal to the occasion. Austin, though a young "tender-foot," proved himself a hero. Wading through water waist deep to where the horses were tied, he mounted one of them, and after two slavish trips, found the ox team and brought it in. The cattle had all gone to the hills, except the two calves that were tied up, and this pair of youngsters was soon led out of danger. A stick put up by the door showed the water to be falling a little. The day advanced, and we had our breakfast. The guage at the door now showed the water to be again on the rise. I began to take down the dishes, and to fill the tubs and the wash boiler with every thing that would shake off the walls. By this time Austin, after his second hunt, appeared with the oxen, while all the other men were prying up the great wagon, whose wheels had sunk about a foot into the ground. The oxen were hitched, and the wagon was soon out of its mud-bed, but the narrow pass, of which I had the greatest fear, was still before us. It was now

all level with water, and the only indications of its location were the tops of some bushes that appeared above the flood. I was the only one in the wagon, and did not want to stay in. The men assured me, however, that I was in no danger. There were two guns in the wagon. They were loaded. I took them off their hooks, and laid them lengthwise of the bed, with their muzzles pointing towards the men. I saw that would not do, and turned them end for end. Then I saw that if they went off they would probably shoot me. So I turned them across the bed. The wagon load was heavy, the road was a mud bottomed sea, the course seemed ill defined, and I trembled every moment when I thought of the danger of falling either into the river or into that awful hole. But the faithful oxen, always obeying the guiding words, "gee," and "haw," and the brave men, who walked on each side of the wagon, wading the deep water, and feeling out the road with their feet, took the house on wheels, with all its contents, through the dreaded narrow pass onto higher and dryer land, where we were happily relieved from all our horrowing fears, and where we lived in the sweet assurance of safety till the disappearance of the flood gave us unrestricted liberty of life and action.

It was now a month past the time of mother's

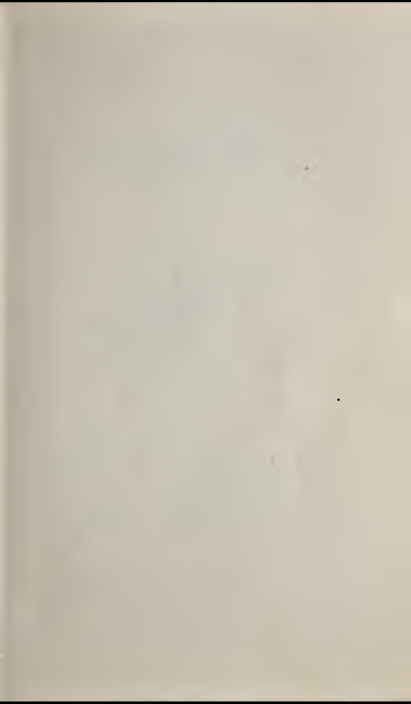
death. And so distressed was I about her departure, so hard was it for me to give her up that I often saw her in my nocturnal visions. One night I dreamed that I was at the old home in West Virginia. She sat before me by the big fire place. I was near her and in bed. Even in my dream I knew that she was dead. Still, so real was her appearance—so thoroughly natural and life-like that I repeatedly rose in bed to take a look at her. Such was the enchantment with which I gazed upon those angel features, that though my soul was stirred with love, I was awed into silence by the fear that if I spoke to her she would vanish from my sight. On the same night I had three separate visions of her—all just alike—and the last dream revealed her face all aflame with a radiant beauty and a perfect happiness, far excelling anything I had ever seen before. While I sat, breathless and spell-bound, she looked at me, smiled and waved her hand, as much as to say, "All is well." I waked, and looked at the clock. It was just half past three in the morning, the very hour to a minute at which mother had died, exactly one month previous to that moment. From the moment of this third dream I ceased to grieve about mother as I had formerly done; for although I am no spiritualist, I believed as I still do, that I had communication with her.

In the course of some weeks I went down to

Russell, my chief purpose being to collect rent due from a man and his wife occupying rooms in our house. This man was a hard worker, and seemed to mean well, but his wife was a woman who had a greater appetite for books than labor, and whose notions of economy were such that when, by the sweat of his brow he earned ten dollars, she deemed it more important to spend the money on new dresses for herself than to pay debts with it. She was a preacher's daughter, professing much piety—so much, indeed, that while she would let him go to bed without his supper when he came in tired and hungry, she, after sewing or reading to a late hour, would call him from his bed to have prayers. Of course a husband so badly hen pecked in the mere name of religion could hardly be expected to pay rent; and, poor fellow he didn't pay. We had our cattle on the Saline river about all the time that we were in the grazing business in Kansas. Near us were two neighboring families from Missouri—that of Mr. William Loveless and that of Mr. Isaac Bell. They went onto the smoky river to herd their cattle. We had timber on the Saline, and plenty of wood to burn. But our neighbors, being apparently scarce of timber, resorted for fuel to buffalo chips. In response to a kindly invitation from them we went over on the Smoky to herd, taking our tent with

us. The distance I don't remember, but it was sufficient to take a week to go there with our cattle. When we got settled in our tent we found our friends nicely situated. We stayed a week on Smoky, and went back to the Saline. We did not want chips when we could get wood.

It was a rule with me to go to the ranch when I got tired of town. If the men were busy with the cattle I could help them about the house work. My nephew Austin and Mr. Williams did the cooking, and did it well. They always set a splendid table, for which reason I liked to board with them. They milked three cows; made their own butter; had plenty of good, sweet milk, and nice, fresh butter milk; had fruit and smoked ham in abundance; never lacked for game, such as squirrels, wild ducks, sometimes deer, and frequently antelopes. They made delicious biscuit, and bread of all kinds, and were well up in the preparation of all the dainties and finishing dishes. On one particular occasion they set up what was considered a rare treat—beaver tail soup. It was new to us, but was reputed to be fine. It was done, with dumpling trimmings, and all ready to take up, just as Mr. West came in and reported the coming of two cattle buyers, and suggested that as these important visitors might not relish this unusual dish it might be well to displace it with something else. So the





soup was set back for another time, and a more fashionable dinner was prepared. When all were seated, including our visiting guests, Austin stepped in, and looking with a laugh first at me and then at the stove, said, "Aunt, did you forget to serve the beaver tail soup?" The cat then being out of the wallet, we had to explain, of course. After we had all had a big laugh, the visitors insisted on trying the soup and dumplings, after tasting which they pronounced themselves more than delighted, and we all united in praise of the trowel with which the beaver builds his family residence.

Our men raised three or four buffalo cows, and had them in with the cattle. One of these cows had a young calf, and the men determined to milk her. Having a wagon in the yard, they took the calf and tied it to a wheel, putting it under the wagon. The show came in the evening when the cow returned from grass. I was standing in the door of the camp. The cow was roped, and one of the men stood in the wagon to hold the rope. But soon she was loose and then came the fun. Vain were all the efforts to milk the buffalo. No sooner was she free than she went for everybody that stood between she and her calf. The men seeing their imminent danger made a rapid circuit of the wagon—the cow right after them. The men tried to get into the wagon

but the cow was too busy with them to give them time for that. The race grew intensely hot. Round and round the wagon went the bipeds and the quadruped, with the latter ever on the gain, till the fun seemed overshadowed by the danger. Finally one of the men slipped under the wagon, untied the calf, and pushed it out to the cow. Then the mother, took it peacefully away. The men drew a long breath of relief, and the effort to milk the buffalo went on record as the star failure of the camp.

On another occasion I had a little buffalo experience of my own. Running with the herd was a buffalo cow about four years old, named Rosa, that had been a pet around the house. One day on coming up to the camp with the cattle, she left the herd, and came up to me, puffing and blowing. I had not seen her for a long time, but she had not forgotten the bread that I had been accustomed to give her in former days. Yet such were now her manners that I felt afraid of her. I had to stand my ground, however, for there was no way of escape. The lower she put her head, the more loudly she puffed. As she drew nearer, and her eyes seemed to turn green. A thought struck me. Before she got quite to me I went quickly and got her a piece of bread. As she approached I gave her the bread, and tried to touch her on the head, but she shook it and

went away. After they grow up buffalos never are as tame as domestic cattle. I saw Rosa part two domestic cows that were fighting. She approached them sidewise, struck them with her hump shoulders, and they went off, glad to escape her, on separate ways, while she turned and went to feeding.

I had been down to Russell again to visit with brothers, Girard and William, the former having moved to Russell in 1877. When my visit was out, and I returned to the range, our men had moved to a new camp, because they thought thereby to get better grazing. But, finding that, while the new pastures were little or no better than the old, there was no wood in the new situation, they concluded to move back. While I was yet at the new camp I was left alone there for two days and nights. It was this way:—Austin and Mr. Williams drove over to the old place to fix up a few things, and to bring over a load of wood, saying they would be back that evening. Mr. West took a horse and went to look for some stray cattle. Charlie Cline was with me; but he was in the employ of a man, who had released him for a short vacation, and the time had come for him to return to his place. After all the others had gone, Charlie said to me, "I presume the man I am working for is now expecting me back, but I don't like

to leave you aunt, by yourself." I said, "I would like to have you stay, but I don't want you to lose your place. Austin and Mr. Williams will come back to-night if nothing happens, and I think you had better go." So he went—good boy that he was. Night came, and I was alone. I was in a cozy dugout, with a door, a window and a fireplace and chips to burn, they were wood chips. But not all of these with a thousand other conveniences could compensate for the lack of human companionship. I did not expect Mr. West that night, but for those who had promised to return, I looked and looked in vain, till 10 o'clock. I was from twelve to fifteen miles from any human soul of whom I had any knowledge, and in such a situation on a dark night one's feelings pass the limits of the understanding. I took in the ax, curtained the window and nailed up the door.

After a while I heard something walking around. It came closer and closer, even to the entrance of the door. I got so alarmed that I went to the window and raised the curtain. To my great relief the curtain was a cow—not Indians or wolves as I had feared. To alleviate my painful solicitude I resorted to a stack of newspapers, and read till my eyelids grew heavy. I went to bed, and happily, to sleep. With the peep of day I arose, and finding that in my un-

easy hurry of the previous night, I had scarcely nailed the door at all, opened it with little help from the ax. I got my breakfast, and concluded to wait till noon, but resolved not to stay there another night alone. Noon came. There were no roads on that prairie, but I started out in the direction in which I had seen the men go. I went to the top of the hill, from which there was no further trace of the course they had taken. I stood there till I became bewildered, for I could not tell which way to go. The cattle on the range, seeing me, raised their heads and came towards me. I turned and ran for the camp—the cattle in full tilt right after me. In safety I reached the dugout, ran and shut the door. The cattle went quietly off to grazing, and I made up my mind that I would stay, dead or alive, at the camp till the men came. Had I continued my search I should have been in danger of getting lost, and of falling a victim to the Indians or a prey to the wolves. Again the curtain of night was drawn. This time I nailed up the door for sure, sat up till twelve o'clock, read everything I could find, and then consigning my soul to Him that is able to save, I sank into a sound and peaceful rest. Morning dawned and I left my bed to greet the opening of a happier day. With no small amount of labor I opened the door, and after preparing and eating breakfast,

calmly awaited coming events. At noon the men returned, and my grief gave place to joy. The men deeply regreted my being left alone. They had supposed that Charley Cline would stay with me, and being belated by unforeseen hindrances had unsuspectingly delayed their coming. The next day we all moved back to the old camp.

Not long after this removal the time came for a marked change in our affairs. We sold our cattle to parties in Kansas City, Mr. West and Austin shipping them there by rail. Mr. Williams had sold his cattle on the range, and we were intending to leave Kansas. Mr. West was going to Colorado to see how he would like it. We packed our goods and left them behind us. Charlie Cline and Austin stayed at Russell for a while, the former having left brother William and gone to work for himself. Mr. Williams, a splendid young man who had boarded some time with us, had returned to his former home in Ohio. I started east, to go to West Virginia, leaving Mr. West at Russell. This was in the spring of 1880. My route eastward lay through Kaboka and Scott County, Mo. At the latter place I visited Cornelia West, who was now married to a Mr. Hughes. I came by way of West Quincy, where I had some trouble with my baggage, and where during a tiresome delay, I felt that I was in some danger of being robbed by a surly negro

porter, whose ignorance of the fact that I had \$2,000 with me while he was piloting me through a long, narrow, dark passage way between two trains after night, was probably the only thing that saved me from his clutches. I got to Alexandria in the dark, and took lodging at a hotel, whose name I never knew, and around which I saw nothing but colored people. That was a dark night for me. I was shown up to my room. When I went to shut the door I found that it would not fasten. I then asked for a room that could be locked up. The clerks, or whatever they were, promised to come up and fix the door. I called for the landlord and landlady. "Gone to bed, mum," was the answer from the darkies. "Are they white people?" I asked. "O, yes, mum," said they. Two negroes tried to make my door lock, but accomplished nothing. I put on a bold air and told them I was not in the habit of stopping at hotels that put people in rooms that were at everybody's mercy. When the darkies gave up trying to make my door lock I took it in hand, did my best on it, put a chair against it, and went to bed, but did not sleep a wink that night. The next morning I went early to breakfast, so that I might catch an early train for Kahoka.

As yet I had seen none but colored people in or about that hotel. While eating I looked to-

ward the kitchen door and saw a darky woman peeping at me. At first I was just a mite frightened at the sight. But when she made herself fully known, my fright was turned into pleasure. For, behold, it was old Aunt Joe, a former Kahoka negress who had lived a year with me in other days, and whose affectionate fidelity had produced a strong attachment between us. When she fully recognized me she came to me, and we had a warm hand shake. She regretted that she had not sooner known I was there, so that she might have made for me some of her delicious biscuits; and with all my heart I acknowledged my appreciation of her goodness. Going into Kahoka, I had a pleasant visit with friends, and then proceeded to Commerce, Scott County, Mo., where I enjoyed a delightful stay of one month with Cornelia Hughes, nee Cornelia West. She was keeping house in good style, and as we had not seen each other for a long time, the visit was a continuous feast of joy. During this visit, Mr. West who was still in Russell, having delayed his trip to Colorado, wrote me that he was not feeling well, and I having no desire to leave him sick, while I continued my journey to the east, returned from Commerce to Russell, and took care of him till he recovered his health.

When the time came he started to Colo., and I to W. Va. In due time I arrived at my childhood





J. West, Residence, Kahoka, Mo.

home, I was warmly welcomed by my dear father, who was in good health for a man of his age, and by all my Virginia relatives and friends. My visit there was prolonged to about six weeks, every day of it was a day of unshadowed happiness. Meantime Mr. West, not liking Colorado very well, set sail for Kahoka, our old Missouri home, and upon his arrival in that city, wrote me, requesting me to meet him there when I concluded my visit. I readily complied, and we have lived in Kahoka ever since. This was in 1880. We sent to Russell for our household goods. When they came we went to house keeping on the corner east of the Commercial hotel, in the public school block. We had this property rented while we were in Kansas. In 1883 I paid my last visit to my dear old father and all that were about him in West Virginia. Father died rather suddenly from a ruptured blood vessel on May 1, 1885. He had been sick for a few days, but I got word that he was improving. I then intended to go and see him, but before the time set to start was notified of his death. It was a great consolation to us all to know that he was a devoted Christian, and died in the faith. Charlie Cline and my nephew, Austin came back to Kahoka by wagon, arriving about the time of the return of Mr. West. Austin stayed in Kahoka during the summer,

and then went back to West Virginia, where he married a good woman by whom he had a large family. Charlie Cline married Miss Louise McNally, of Kahoka, and remained here. The children born to Charlie and his wife, were a boy, Clarence Cleveland, who died in his infancy, and a girl, Clara, who lived to a bright maturity, and married in Kahoka a fine young man, by the name of Roy Brotherton. All Kahokians know the fearful fate of Charlie Cline. He was killed on the railroad. Time will reveal all things. He was a kind husband and a loving father. After coming from Kausas—breaking away from that busy, changeable life—I hardly knew what to do with myself. I thought I would like to paint; had worked at it a little; had done some work in crayon, oil, pastel and water colors. It was very fascinating to me, but in art, I am just at the foot of the ladder. In 1891 I went back to West Virginia, sketched the old homestead, painted it in oil and have the painting now in my house.

Not long after my return from this trip, we received a dispatch informing us that brother William was dead. He had been snatched away by heart disease on the 27th of Dec., 1891, aged 57 years, 3 months and 7 days. I went to the funeral but had some trouble in getting there. I went to Medill, Mo., intending to take the 2

o'clock Santa Fe train from there to Kansas City, but a wreck west of Medill, warned me to wait awhile. I waited over till 10 o'clock the next day, and took train. But when we reached the wreck we were held there for three hours while the wrecking train was clearing the track. During this wait I saw a man take a flag and run very fast to stop a freight train that was just rounding a curve. He caught that freight barely in time to save our train from being crushed to pieces. Finally arriving at Kansas City, I found that the west-bound passenger, which I wanted to catch had gone. So there was another wait-over for me. From Kansas City I telegraphed to Russell, Kan., that I would be there that day if possible. Being aware of the time when I started, the friends at Russell were uneasy about me. When I reached Russell I found that brother's body had been kept three days for my coming. The funeral was conducted by the Odd Fellows. Dear brother! he was beloved by all who knew him, for his honesty, kindness, and his warmth and generosity of heart. All missed his friendly face and thrilling clasp of the hand.

Home again. In 1893 our friend Miss Anna Johnson and I visited the worlds fair at Chicago and for three weeks enjoyed the fair as only two such well mated cronies could enjoy it.

In 1895 my sister Josephine's daughter, Ruth

Showalter, came out to Kahoka on a visit, and stayed about eight months. We had a fine time with her; for there never was better company than her's. She was an adept in the feminine mechanic arts. She made me some beautiful drawn work, a table cloth, several napkins and doilies and a tray cloth. During her visit she, Mr. West and I suffered a serious accident. It was in a runaway in which we were all hurt. We had a pair of beautiful roadsters about three years old—very high-lifed—that had not been driven very much. In the afternoon of August 4, 1895, we hooked up this span of youngsters to a surrey, and went out for a drive. We started in a southerly direction from Kahoka, went to the Star school-house, turned west, crossed a bridge, went up a hill, and were going down on the other side. Ruth was driving. We came to a little draw with a few logs in it, and a bright looking plank that stood up against an adjoining fence. The evening was drawing on, and the near horse catching the glancing rays of the sun reflected by that plank, jumped, tore himself loose from the rig, jerked the lines out of Ruth's hands, and whirled round onto the off side of the off horse. He broke the tongue of the rig off, up close to the neck yoke, but he was fastened by the harness so that he could not get away. In some manner the team turned the phaeton around

in the road, and started up the hill. The lines were out of our hands. The youngsters had every thing their own way, and the road having been washed out in several places, we were in danger of an upset at any time. Two men who saw the trouble tried to stop the team, but were compelled to give it the road. At this juncture Mr. West called out: "Only one thing is left to us, and that is to get out of here if we can." Ruth was sitting in the middle. The top of the phaeton was up. There were fenders over the hind wheels, and the only way for us to jump was over the forewheels. Ruth jumped first, I jumped next, and knew no more of anything till I was picked up. Mr. West made his leap last of all. All this time the horses were going at lightning speed. We, the passengers, were all out of sight of each other. I fell on my back, as it was supposed by the way my dress waist was bursted. Mr. West fell on his face; for his chin was cut and bleeding when he came to me. Ruth was hurt in the back, but did not know it at the time. Mr. West was first to me, and tried to raise me up, but could not, being too badly hurt himself, in the breast. Ruth came to me next after Mr. West. A Mr. Rogers and another gentleman whose name I do not know, came to our relief, and carried me over to Mr. Rogers' house, and the good people there did all they

could for us. Some of the neighbors went after the horses, and found them back beyond the bridge. They were torn loose from the phaeton, and were quietly feeding along the road side. The phaeton was in the creek. The horses were glad to see some one; for they stood still while they were caught. The neighbors rode up to them, took them by the bridle, and led them back to where we were. The next thing to do was to find an easy conveyance in which to get home. Mr. John Gutting, the well known Kahoka harness maker, being out visiting with his family in the neighborhood in which we were hurt, took his folks home, and then kindly returned with a two seated rig and a gentle team, and carried us very carefully and slowly to our place of abode. It was eleven o'clock when we got in that night. But we were greeted by a crowd of neighbors that filled the yard and the side walk in front of it. The doctor was kept busy that night, going first to one and then to another. I had a sprain, a break, and a dislocation, all in one ankle. We had Dr. Sisson, and he left nothing undone that could be done for us. Mr. West was cut about the chin, and was very sore in the breast. Ruth was hurt in the back, but did not realize it much for several hours. We all had a room down stairs, and were on cots and beds. Mr. West got up first. Ruth and I kept

our beds for some time. We have always been very thankful to our kind neighbors and friends for the service they rendered us in the hour of our trial and distress. The horses and phaeton were brought home the next day after the runaway. The cost of the repairs on the phaeton was only \$12.

My last visit back to West Virginia was made in 1898, during the time of the Spanish-American war. Brother Girard came out from Ohio in 1906, where he had been staying with one of his daughters. Some of his children living in Hutchinson, Kansas, and he came out from the east to sojourn awhile with them and, passing through Kahoka, spent five or six weeks with us. Brother Girard is still in Kansas. We were exceedingly glad to see him after having been separated from him for nine years.

It seems well to close this part of my book with a paragraph or two concerning the city in which we continued to make my home.

Kahoka, the county seat of Clark County, is located on the K. & W. branch of the Burlington system, 22 miles west of Keokuk, Iowa. It was built on the edge of what was once well known as Kahoka Prairie, and the sight is generally level and has good natural drainage. From the start it grew healthfully, and after taking the seat of justice from Waterloo, it soon reached a

population of very nearly 3,000. In the matter of business enterprises it has been very thrifty and has shown at all times a marvelous capacity to control a rural trade that greatly excels, both in volume and in extent, that of any other town in North Missouri between The Gate City and Centerville, Iowa. In all branches of merchandise Kahoka can boast an extraordinary number of large well stocked retail establishments, and of an unusual number of high-class business men. It gathers round a beautiful central park, four blocks of solid, admirably constructed store buildings and the residence sections of the city are distinguished for their handsome dwellings, and their broad, verdant, well shaded and attractively ornate leaves. The public schools are housed in comfortable, well arranged and well furnished homes of noble architecture. The churches—the M. E. South, the M. E. North, the Christian, the Baptist the German Evangelical, the Presbyterian, the M. P. and the Catholic,—are equally well provided with homes in which taste and elegance are admirably displayed. Society in Kahoka has none of the stilted forms and airs—none which may be found in too many, even of the small towns of the country now-a-days. It is composed of upright, kind hearted, well informed, neighborly and eminently sociable, people, who read,

think, cultivate amicable relations one with another and enjoy life according to the rules of good taste and good sense. The manufacturing enterprise of Kahoka does not make the ambitious spread that it does in some places. It addresses its energies and applies its capital to the business wants of the city as they relate to the nature of the city's agricultural surroundings; and in doing this it has achieved a notable success. How it has worked and is working may be seen in the following characteristic showing of less than one year's disbursements of the great Kahoka Milk Factory, the operations covering the period between April 1, 1907 and March 20, 1908:—

Paid farmers for milk,.....	\$15,315.20,
Paid in wages at plant,.....	2,344.83,
Paid city for water,.....	466.51,
Sugar bought from local merchants,..	4,249.14,
Drayage.....	108.75.
Total disbursements to home people,	\$22,484.43.

Shipments covering the period from Jan., 1st. to date,—sugared condensed milk in barrels or cans (376,982 pounds,) or 721 barrels, averaging 530 pounds net.

Plain condensed milk unsweetened,. 7,500 gal.
Fluid milk and cream,..... 100,000 lbs.

Shipments during the past season have covered the United States, and includ the following

markets: Boston, New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, Grand-Rapids, Ottumwa, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Portland and Washington. The outlook for the future of this establishment is very gratifying both as to receipts of milk and as to the outlet for the manufactured products. I will speak right here in reference to our escapes from cyclones in this part of Missouri, or big wind storms. Mr. West and I came here in 1865, at this writing, 1909, making 45 years.



CHAPTER II.

OUR TRIP TO THE SOUTHWEST AND THE FAR
NORTHWEST IN 1904-5.

We perfectly agree in the enjoyment of the refreshing pleasure to be derived from changes of scene and climate, and from meeting strange people and forming new acquaintances.

In gratification of this pleasure, and with a view to acquiring a practical knowledge of those distant parts of our country toward which the seat of empire is daily moving, we resolved in the fall of 1904 to make a tour of the southwestern and northwestern regions of the United States. We sold our household goods in Kahoka, and on the 20th of October, of that year, went by rail to Alexandria, Mo., and resting there over night, took boat for St. Louis, arriving after a delightful ride, at the latter city on the 22nd. Finding a steamer just ready to start to Memphis, Tenn., we embarked with our baggage for Cape Girardeau, Mo. Landing in that beautiful city at 9 p. m., we slept at the St. Charles hotel, and on the next day took train on the Frisco for Oran, Mo., a small town that nestles cozily among the breaks of the Mississippi about twenty miles from that imperial stream. Here we visited our niece, Mrs. C. V. Hughes, nee Cornelia West, and her family. Our stay with her, which ran over thanksgiving, was an exceedingly pleasant

one. From Oran Mr. West and I proceeded, via St. Louis, Kansas City and Wichita, to Hutchison, Kansas. Counting out a few delays, this stage of our journey was both pleasing and instructive. We saw many large stock farms and many fine herds of cattle and horses, showing the rich agricultural resources of the stretch through which we passed. And the beautiful pine groves between Oran and St. Louis were a sight not easily forgotten by one who has a taste for forestry. Of the cities seen enroute, after passing St. Louis and Kansas City, I will say that we found Wichita, Kan., a spirited, thriving, well built city of 30,671 souls, and Hutchison a city with a population of 17,000, and with a degree of intelligent enterprise that is making it a coming metropolis of note. The latter place, bears the soubriquet of "The salt city," from its being the greatest salt center in the world. It is also the fruit center of Kansas. The orchards tributary to it number no less than 600,000 trees, and in 1903 it shipped out 400,000 cars of apples. The town is celebrated for its fine buildings and broad streets. Hutchison has natural gas, water works, two electric light plants, two telephone exchanges, an electric street railway system, a public library, a business college, a State reformatory, four banks, seventeen churches, seven public schools, and the permanent State fair lo-

cation. We stopped in Hutchison some days to visit our neice, Mrs. Clara Hartman, nee Clara Cline, who with her husband, owns and operates a first-class restaurant in that city called the Moonlight and lives in a fine residence there. We had intended to go directly from Hutchison, to Portland, Oregon, but having contracted a cold in Wichita, and being quite unwell when we got to Hutchison, the doctor we employed there thought that I had better not cross the mountains at that time, on account of my heart being so weak. Heeding his advice we started for Texas, passing through Oklahoma, and stopping at Fort Worth. Here we stayed one day and night, during which we had several street-car rides and saw the big stock yards and other things of interest. Meantime I had the pleasure of being robbed of \$32 at a Fort Worth hotel—how or by whom I never knew. On the 9th of Dec., 1904, we left Fort Worth for Dallas, and made the trip in two hours, arriving at Dallas depot at 10 o'clock a. m. At this stirring town in northern Texas we had a much esteemed friend—Mrs. Mary Mernmet—a sister of Harry Martin, the jeweler, of Kahoka, and we looked her up. Much to our pleasure we found that she had rooms to let, and we occupied them during our short sojourn—some four or five days. Oh, how we enjoyed ourselves with her, she being

the first person of our acquaintance whom we had met since we left Hutchison. She has two very interesting sons, and she is a partner of one of them in the insurance business. Among women she stands in the first rank in point of business qualifications, while her social traits make her a rare neighbor and companion. Mr. West and I took breakfast with Mrs. Mermet and family, but we took dinner and supper at a downtown restaurant, where we could order whatever we wanted. One day, when we called for fish the waiter brought us one about ten inches wide and eighteen inches long. It was fine. I relished a goodly portion of it, and Mr. West ate a piece about as big as one of his hands. After that we ordered separate dishes. Dallas, in Dallas county, is at once an urban beauty and a queen in hospitality—an honor and an ornament to north-eastern Texas. The population is 52,638, and taste, intelligence, and enterprise are displayed on every hand. The people's love of beauty is shown in the rich floral adornments of all public and private lawns, as well as by the profusion with which all public buildings and private dwellings are florally decorated inside. Dallas leads in the matter of green fences for front lawns. It produces a hedge plant which when it is trimmed into proper shape, makes a low inclosure of exquisite beauty. Mr. Ed. Becker, of

Kahoka, adopted it some time ago with plants which he brought from San Antonio and potted; and I have recently noticed that lawyer Charles Llewellyn, of Kahoka, has made his yard one of the chief attractions of the city by hedging it with the same matchless shrub.

On the 13th of Dec., 1904, we left Dallas for the historic city of San Antonio, arriving at our destination on the following day. We at once rented rooms of Miss Walton, on Nacogdoches street, in the heart of the city. We were room-neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Becker, of Kahoka, who with their boys, were sojourning there. These were home folks, and their company was supremely enjoyable. Mrs. Becker and I cooked in the same kitchen on the same gas range—the nicest thing on earth for the purpose—always ready, and always clean. But the tall business blocks were huddled all round us, shutting out the sun, and giving us a humid air. So we made a change taking rooms of the widow Young, on Buena Vista Street, in a much open-er situation, where we had a dryer atmosphere and plenty of sunshine. We found Mrs. Young a most estimable lady—a really pious member of the Baptist church, an industrious worker for good, and an efficient Sunday school teacher. She had two small children—a boy and a girl, but they were under good discipline, and were

always polite and nicely behaved. Mrs. Young had a splendid residence, and in it we had the southeast corner which gave us all the sunshine we wanted. The city is much given to cloudy weather, but when the sun appears in winter the effect is as if we were in another world. The report was that the winter of 1905 was unusually hard in San Antonio; but as it was also reported the winter up north was at the same time colder than had been known for many years, we felt that we were faring well. San Antonio was founded in 1714, and besides being the metropolis of Texas, is among the oldest towns in the United States. It belonged to Mexico till Texas, in 1836, revolted from the Mexican Confederation, and under the lone-star flag set itself up as an independent republic, so remaining till 1845, when it was annexed to the United States. At present it is equally renowned for its wealth, its business activity, and its almost incomparable magnificence. It contains a U. S. government building, a superb court house, built at a cost of \$1,000,000, many very excellent schools and academies, with numerous large, elegantly finished halls, and with a system of parks that is scarcely equalled in any quarter of the globe; while the city as a whole—parks, public structures, private dwellings, and all—occupies a situation whose native grandeur and topographic





The Alimo, Texas.

beauty unite with the architectural splendor of the place.

San Antonio is rich in history. It shows the sites of the palaces of Spanish, French and Mexican governors, with the places where some of these subordinate rulers, such as Governor Antonio Cordero, were executed on sundry charges; and it is full of relics and mementos that make the past present, bring the distant near and place us in the society of some of the greatest actors that have ever figured on the stage of human life. Of these the Alamo rises far above all others in American interest. It is the birth chamber in which Texan independence was born and wrapped in swaddling clothes that were dyed in the blood of men whose names are scrolled among the best and bravest of all the martyrs to the sacred cause of human liberty. The following sketches is but a shadow outline of what gave name and fame to the Alamo.

On Feb., 23, 1836. The Mexican general, Santa Anna, invested San Antonio with a force estimated at about 6,000, and the defenders of the city, Colonel Travis and his men, numbering, all told, 188 were driven into the Alamo. After a siege of eleven days the fortress fell and the entire garrison were killed and their bodies burned. The officers defending the Alamo were W. B. Travis (Colonel) and his subordinates,

James Bowie, Davy Crockett, J. B. Bonham and J. Washington. Reinforcements had been promised to the garrison but had failed to come up, and on the 24th of Feb., Colonel Travis issued the following appeal.

"Fellow citizens, companions and patriots, I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained bombardments for 24 hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy demanded a surrender at discretion. Otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism and of every thing dear to the American heart, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to 3,000 or 4,000 in four or five days. Though this call maybe neglected I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and to die a soldier who forgets not what is due to his own honor and to that of his country. Victory or death!"

W. Barrett Travis,
Lt. Col. Commanding.

P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the evening appeared in sight we had three bushels of

corn. We have since found in a deserted house 50 or 60 bushels, and have got inside the walls 20 or 30 head of beeves. W. B. T.

About two hours before sunset on the 3rd of March, 1836, the bombardment suddenly ceased. Colonel Travis collected all his men. He stood for some moments apparently speechless from emotion, and addressed them substantially as follows: "My companions, stern necessity compels me to supply a few moments afforded by this probably brief cessation of the bombardment in declaring to you the saddest, most solemn, and yet most welcome truth that can come to men in our situation. Our fate is sealed. Within a few days, perhaps in a few hours, we must be in eternity. My call on Col. Fannin remains unanswered, and my messengers have not returned. Then we must die. Our duty is to make no further effort to save our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. Only three modes are presented to us. Let us prefer that which shall best serve our country. Shall we surrender, and be deliberately shot without taking the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way out through the Mexican ranks and be butchered before we can kill thirty adversaries? I am opposed to either of these methods. Let us resolve to withstand our enemies to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. And when at last

they shall storm our fortress let us kill them as they come,—kill them as they scale our walls, kill them as they leap within, kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them, kill them as they kill our companions, and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive. Should any man prefer to surrender or to try to escape he is at liberty to do so, My own choice is to stay in the fort, and to die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This I shall do, men, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death." Col. Travis now drew his sword, and traced a line on the ground. Then, resuming his position, he said: "I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across the line. Who will be the first? March!" The first respondent was Tapley Holland, who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, "I am ready to die for my country." This example was instantly followed by every man in the fort, except Col. Bowie, who, being ill and unable to leave his bed, called out, "Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to move my cot over there. Four men at once ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried him over. The report following is from a Mexican authority:

"The final attack began at the sounding of the bugle at 4 o'clock, a. m. The troops moved in silence. They reached the fort, planted scaling ladders, and commenced ascending, some being mounted on the shoulders of others. A terrible fire belched from the interior. Men fell from the ladders by scores. Many were pierced through the head by musket balls. Others were felled by clubbed guns. The dead and wounded covered the ground. After half an hour of fierce fighting and the sacrifice of many lives, the column of General Castrillion succeeded in making a lodgement in the upper part of the fort to the north-west corner of the convent. This seeming advantage was a mere prelude to the desperate struggle that ensued. The doors of the Alamo building were barricaded by sand bags as high as the neck of a man. The windows, also, on the roof of the building, were filled with sand bags to protect the besieged. The Mexicans, inspired by success; continued the attack with energy and boldness. The Texans fought like devils. It was a short range, muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand, musket and rifle, bayonet and bowie knife—all mingled in confusion. Here a squad of Mexicans, there a Texan or two, the ground running in streams of blood, the air rent with shouts of defiance, while the cries of the dying and the moans of the wounded com-

pleted a din that was almost infernal.

The Texans desperately defended every inch of the fort. Overpowered by numbers they were forced to abandon room after room. Driven from one they would rally in another, and hold it until resistance became impossible. The Mexicans won by force of numbers and at an enormous sacrifice of life. The Alamo was entered at day light, but the fight did not cease till 9 o'clock, a. m. March, 6, 1836. The bodies of the heroic Texans were burned by order of Santa Anna, and were afterwards buried by Col. Juan N. Sequin of the Texas army. It is generally stated that over 2,000 Mexicans were slain by the 188 Texans in the Alamo fight. After the Alamo slaughter Santa Anna moved forward to the vicinity of Houston, met general Sam Houston, at San Jacinto, where by that redoubtable soldier, his army was totally defeated, himself, made prisoner of war, and the independence of Texas established,—April 21, 1836. From this date the "Lone Star State" was an independent republic till 1845, when under the administration of James K. Polk, it was annexed to the United States.

Mr. West and I had a good view of the Alamo, inside and outside. We rode over most of the sixty-one miles of street railway; were up and down the San Antonio river, that marvel-

ous stream, which rises just outside the northern limits from a multitude of bubbling, crystal springs, and flows through the center of the town in such abrupt serpentine windings that thirteen miles of its course lie within the urban boundaries. We visited the twenty-one parks and plazas, including Travis park, with its beautiful Travis Church (the M. E. South) both of which are named in commemoration of the martyr hero of the Alamo. We saw the fifty-four other churches, the twenty-four public school houses, and academic buildings which speak so audably in praise of the city's intelligence and social culture. We rode over the seventeen iron bridges that span the unique San Antonio river; were charmed with the sight of the ornamental trees and banana trees that were being planted along the banks of that stream. We feasted our eyes on the lofty elevations that surround the city—Alamo Heights, Government Hill, Laurel Heights, West End Heights, South Heights, Prospect Heights and other towering piles raised by the hand of nature and artificially adorned by the metropolis of Texas,—all in full view of the leading commercial center. We saw the grand, city hall, the Military Plaza, the Main Plaza, the Alamo Plaza, all in the center of business, and San Fernando Cathedral, built in 1713, and one of the most ancient ecclesiastical structures

on the American Continent. We saw the great squares that bare the names of Travis, Madison, Maveric, Washington, Franklin and Crockett, all which are in reach of the city, and are surrounded by handsome residences and churches, the church feature being especially characteristic of Travis Park.

We made a street-car trip to West End Lake, a fine body of water, whose clear, placed face is generally specked with skiffs and pleasure boats. We were at the Hot Sulphur Springs, where we saw people bathing in the steaming sulphurous floods, where we tasted water healthy enough, but possessing a smell and flavor which are such that persons not used to it hold their breath and close their eyes and teeth while drinking it; and where we had the pleasure of seeing that Mr. Ed. Becker, formerly of Kahoka, had been made a conductor on an important line of the San Antonio street car system. With him, his wife, and his two bright sons—Marshall and Kenneth—we went out on his line to Davy Crockett's old home, at the site of which we found a part of the stone wall of Davy's house still standing, near the head of the San Antonio river, in a very secluded spot, amid an umbrageous grove that was draped and festooned by the beautiful, long, gray moss so common in the south. Here Mr. West cut a couple of canes,

while Mrs. Becker, the boys, and myself gathered some moss to keep in memory of the historic Crockett home. With the same good family we visited a number of former Clark county (Mo.) people, among them being J. A. Daughdorty a brother of Mrs. Drollinger, of Mo., also the family of Mr. Mosley, a street-car moterman; also Mrs. Lyons, with her mother and sister. Mrs. Lyons' husband was formerly a lumberman in Kahoka. Not the least among the sights that interested us was that of the palms and bananas. The former, which live out all winter, grow to a height of from eighteen to twenty feet, and are adorned with a foliage of which the leaves measure three or four feet in width and five or six feet in length. The latter are stalks, very closely resembling corn stalks, and have long pendulous blades, while their fruit hangs in heavy clusters to them. We saw on the innumerable boughs of the shade trees scores of gaily dressed and incessantly chattering parrots, always ready to talk to us as we passed along. We saw the great city markets, which, year in and year out, are loaded with fresh vegetables and luscious fruits of all kinds, including dates, figs, bananas, pineapples, and the biggest sort of persimmons.

From the old to the new; from a city that has lived under eight different flags to a city that has never known but one flag; from a town that

has been successively subject to the rule of four different nationalities, to a town that has known but one nationality, but yet, has in less than a hundred years, risen to be the thrifty metropolis of one of the greatest of the Pacific States,—such is the change that is now before us.

On the 28th of March, 1905, we bade adieu to San Antonio and took the Southern Pacific route to Portland, Oregon, having secured a berth in a tourist sleeper. An incident of unhappy memory occurred soon after we got aboard. A lady from Los Angeles, seated near me, introduced herself and struck up a conversation. She gave Illinois as the State of her nativity, and essayed to regale me with an account of the changes that had occurred in her life; of how religiously she had been raised by a pious mother; when she left home, that mother had enjoined upon her the importance of continuing to be faithful in her attendance at church and Sunday School; of how sure she felt that she would never neglect that duty. "But, now," said she, "I can be as gay as any body; can go out riding with any gentleman at any time of day or night. My husband never cares. And I can drink wine or beer, as much as I please, and can play cards and dance to my hearts content—all these things I can do and enjoy in Los Angeles, and never think of going to church." It is the misfortune

of the cities of the far west that they have too many ladies of this sort that move in what is called "high society." I could not let slip the occasion to tell her that, no matter where I might live, I could never forget that there is a God, and that Jesus died to save sinners.

To our great relief this passenger soon left us, and we went on, passing through the great cattle plains of Texas, till we reached DelRio, where, side by side, the two republics,—Mexico and the United States,—came full into view. A short distance beyond that city appears the first of a series of almost incomparable geographic pictures and for miles and miles the speeding train unrolls to the eye a dissolving succession of the most gorgeous views that ever caught the eye of an appreciative observer, or that ever entranced the soul of a landscape painter. Oh, what a sight!—the Rio Grande and the mountains of Old Mexico on one side, and the grey green mountains of Texas on the other. The road bed lies on shelf rock overlooking the swift moving current of the Saffron river, and meanders in and out among great ledges of stone, some of which hang high overhead. As we proceed we pass over a bridge that spans a stream of picturesque beauty. This is the Devil's river, the waters of which are as cold as ice and as clear as crystal, and beneath the surface of which may be seen

strangely formed rocks, and fishes darting in and out among them. Surely this matchless stream, so playfully rippling over boulder and pebble, should not be named for the enemy of man. At Viaduct we cross a wonderful steel bridge, spanning the Pecos river. Its extreme length is 2,184 feet, and from the river bed its elevation is 321 feet. Our train stopped on the bridge a while to let the passengers take in the situation; and surely it was a grand sight. The Pecos river rises near Las Vegas, New Mexico, and empties into the Rio Grande. Our next noted stop was at Marathon, 4,043 feet above the sea level, and 939 miles from New Orleans. At this altitude the summer climate approaches perfection, and under the influence of the air from the Gulf of Mexico the winters are among the mildest known. At Paisano we reached the highest point in the sunset route. Farther on we passed DelMuerto and Apache, which are famous as marking an extended region in which hunters find lots of big game—bears panthers and mountain lions. The most noted peak in this section is Livermore, which rises to the height of 8,332 feet. The mountain ranges are well wooded, and offer rare facilities to the sports of the field. At Marfa we found a place of more than ordinary interest. It is well built, is the seat of Presidio County, and has a court house that would not

disgrace a metropolis. The country around presents a vast acreage of fine grazing land. El Paso (formerly called El Paso Del Norte,) comes next. It is in Texas, on the Rio Grande, right at the point of conjuncture of that State with Old Mexico and New Mexico. Its population in 1900 (15,906) scarcely justifies us in calling it a metropolis, but containing, as it does, a strong representation of nearly every nationality on the globe, it is certainly metropolitan in character. Moreover, it is metropolitan in its public buildings, in its manufactures, including its mammoth smelting works, in its great banks and mercantile houses, in its advanced facilities, for the amelioration of city life, and in the progressive, wide-awake spirit of its inhabitants. And its superior natural opportunities are such as to insure a monster future growth. It is the center of some ten different railroads, including the Pecos & Pacific. East of El Paso the railway time is two hours faster than the Pacific time.

We now leave Texas and enter New Mexico. We pass the great beds of lava, which, with other evidences of volcanic eruptions lie forty miles west of El Paso, which are visible to the south. Our first New Mexico point to note is Deming, romantically located, with the Mimbro range to the north. and the South Prod mountain and Florida Peak not far away. This is a

thriving city with rich resources in mines and cattle ranges. It has large establishments for the preparation of the canigre for tanning purposes. This plant, a native of New Mexico, Arizona, western Texas, and a part of California, has broad, dock-like leaves, and large roots, which are rich in tannin, and in which lies the principal value. We were told that the eating house at Deming is one of superior excellence. The high table lands which we entered at Strauss, New Mexico, extend with pleasing variety till you reach Tucson, Arizona, a distance of three hundred miles. These lands are richly carpeted with bunch grass and other forage herbage. Deming is the terminus of the Santa Fe road from Rincon, and has a branch line running forty-eight miles to Silver City. Lordsburg is a junction point of the Arizona and New Mexico road, which extends 71 miles to Clifton and to the rich copper mines in that vicinity. Stein's Pass, on our route, 4,351 feet above sea level, and 1,361 miles from New Orleans, is the last station in New Mexico. Descending the grade to the west we discover, at a short distance from Stein's Pass, a wayside index board, on one side of which we read "New Mexico" and on the other side "Arizona." When the lower levels near San Simon are reached we find abundant evidences of the fact that occasionally waters run

wildly across the railway track. I refer to the marks of the changing bed of the Sauz river, of ancient date, which once had undisputed right of way, and which now and again struggles to reassert its claim. San Simon has an altitude of 3,603 feet. The striking mountain range to the south is Chiriahui. It requires but a slight effort of the imagination at a favorable point of view to see the outlines of a recumbent giant resting on the mountain crest. This is a monument of Cachise, the fiercest of all Apache chiefs. As we shoot onward we see, south-west of Wilcox, the rich metal producing dragoon mountains, and proceeding westward we pass through a noted alkali flat—all that remains of a former lake. Approaching Benson, we cross a water course that has a history, although the volume speaks in whispers. This is the San Pedro river. Rising in the mountains of Sonora at the south, it pursues a devious, northerly course, and empties into the Gala river. It was along the banks of this stream and the banks of its twin (the Cruz, which we crossed at Tucson) that the military and exploring parties of 1540, under Coronado and others, coming from Mexico, sought to achieve the conquest of Cibalo. Speaking of the Santa Crus river, it sinks from sight shortly after leaving Tucson, and flows under ground to the Cala, near Maricopa, thus making a subter-

anean trip of more than one hundred miles.

We now come to Cassa Grande. The railway station of that name may be passed with little notice. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it is the point at which tourists take the stage for the real—the original—Casa Grande, which is sixteen miles distant from the Southern Pacific railway. The latter holds a humble place in the great world of trade and commerce, but as an object of study among scientists and archeologists it is one of the most interesting spots on the American continent. It is the sight of pre-historic remains of which the date has never been traced, and of which the original builders must have constituted a part of a superior civilization. The principal figure in these remains is that of a stone structure, whose foundations measure 420 by 260 feet, and whose height was four stories,—the first story 13 feet, the second 9 feet, third and fourth 8 feet each. The building was in good form, and the style of architecture would be no discredit to the best designers of our own time.

Along with this structure have been found products of the mechanic arts, especially in pipes and pottery, that are in pattern, mold and finish, equal to the best and most elegant of their kind that we are able to show to-day. Cassa Grande was discovered in 1537. But the con-

temporary native Indians had neither knowledge nor tradition, either of the first occupants of the place, or of the period in which it was built. We next note Maricopa, the junction point of the Phoenix branch of the Southern Pacific—thirty-four miles from the capital. And now we are at Tempe, twenty miles from Maricopa, blessed with a delightful atmosphere, and in the midst of a fertile and eminently beautiful region, full of clover bloom, and resonant with the songs of birds. Next we hail the famed city of Phoenix, equally enterprising and sightly, the stirring seat of government both of Maricopa County and of Arizona territory. The city is located centrally in Salt river valley, and its well improved surroundings are full of native wealth. The general government is actively engaged in the creation of a mammoth reservoir for irrigation at Yankton Bason on Salt river, seventy-five miles north of Phoenix. This reservoir will supply the entire valley of Salt river, and will transform 200,000 acres into an agricultural paradise. Yuma, 1,757 miles from New-Orleans, is a city with good commercial life, favored with a large trade in connection with mining enterprises. Round about it the wealthy farmers are engaged in raising and feeding live stock. Agricultural enterprise has opened a water-diverting canal from Colorado, three and

a half miles below Yuma, and has thus made a garden of a desert. A visit to it is equally pleasing and instructive. Yuma is well supplied with newspapers. Substantial blocks of brick and stone are occupied by prosperous merchants. Ample hotel accommodations are had at the depot, where an eating house on the very bank of the Colorado river, and surrounded by an encircling porch for the enjoyment of guests, is open to all trains. The arrival of a passenger train is always the signal for the assembling of the picturesque natives for whom the city is named, each intent on his own special souvenir traffic. Mr. West and I bought of them two small baskets—one red and the other blue.

The turbid Colorado river is crossed on a substantial steel bridge over which we pass from Arizona into California. Its muddy waters are well accounted for by the real estate it picks up from Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona and Nevada. Our train carries us through a salt, inland sea-bed at Saltan and Indio. The departure from Yuma lies through a brush-covered valley dotted with Indian huts. The stations from Pilot Knob to Mammoth Yank accent a run that is full of interest. The prevailing winds are from the south, and in the absence of grass-growing sod, waves of the sandy surface are rolled up and sent on a mission of

destruction. Nothing can stay their progress. These sand waves are from ten to twenty feet in height, and in their onward sweep they destroy plant and shrub, and leave a desert in their rear. We pass Volcano, a station which takes its name from a spring of sulphurous mud and water and five miles east of which we leave a remarkable depression, which is the dry bed of an ancient sea. Scientists have found mud springs of such high temperature that they make the ground near them hot enough to ruin the soles of a man's shoes.

Salton comes now in view. The great feature of this place is the production of salt. On the south side may be seen certain buildings for handling and storing salt, and near them are huge piles of the crude material. A trainway leads southward to a lower level where the salt is garnered. By the process of capillary attraction the brine in the earth is brought to the surface. The liquifying water, driven off by the sun's heat, leaves a crust of pure table salt, which is soon ready for the salt man's scraper or plow. From the windrows it is taken on the trainway cars to the works at Salton. We saw the men scraping up the salt at Salton. It is hard to realize that in primeval days the ocean rolled its waves 203 feet above the height of our heads. We are, next, at Thermal. This station marks

the center of a great melon raising country. Hundreds of car loads of melons are every season shipped from here to the eastern markets. And the first melons of the season go from this center. We pass on to Indio, which sits twenty feet below sea level. Here we find an excellent railway station, a superior hotel, and an approved sanatorium. The evidence is conclusive that not so very long ago the ocean covered the site of this station to a depth of three fathoms. At an altitude of 584 feet we find Palm Springs, planted on the drifting sands of the rainless borders of a thirsty plain. But it is watered from Mt. San Barnardo, and is covered with verdure and bloom, which are enlivened by the music of feathered choirs. Palm Valley five miles south of Palm Springs is a narrow vale to which a luxuriant grove of date palms gave the name. As we fly along we notice in San Joaquin valley, in California, several groups of oblong knolls, rising above the general level, from a few inches to two or three feet. The intervening spaces between these are called hog wallows. And here we are at Beaumont, standing at an altitude of 2,560 feet, and covering the crest of San Georgio Pass, a name given to a broad cleft from east to west, separating the San Barnardo range, which has occupied the sky ever since we left Yuma, from San Jacinto range, which has filled the

field of southern vision since we bade adieu to Indio. This pass, crowned by Beaumont, connects the great fruit growing valley of which Los Angeles is the metropolis. Beaumont and Banning are famed for the production of peaches, apricots, and prunes. San Bernardo, towering above sea level to the height of 11,800 feet, presents us with our first sight of a snow capped mountain. It catches the eye of the tourist as far east as White Water, and is still within his visual range when he reaches Los Angeles. Mt. San Georgio, rising skyward to the height of 12,600 feet above the sea, is the companion of Mt. San Bernardo. And here is Colton, the central figure of a famous circle, with Pedlands, San Bernardo, Riverside, all within a radius of eight miles round about it. Riverside is on many accounts a delightful and instructive place to visit. The city itself is an orange grove, rendered supremely attractive by its broad avenues, bordered by magnolias, peppers and palms. Its homes show the highest cultivation of taste, while, stretching away in the distance from the center for miles in the distance, the eye is charmed with the sight of ranks on ranks, grove after grove, of fruit bearing trees, the luscious orange and the citric lemon being in the lead. Such is the variety at Riverside that it is difficult to think of any sort of fruit that cannot be obtain-

ed there. The Southern Pacific depot, with its architectural beauty and its floral surroundings, is an opal set in gold, in the heart of the city, and is an attraction that delights every tasteful beholder. There are five or six more stations worthy of notice, but we pass on to the great health resort and tourist hive of the Golden State. We are at Los Angeles. This is the seat of Los Angeles county, on the river of the same name, about fifteen miles from the Pacific coast. It stands above sea level 293 feet, 2,006 miles from New Orleans, with a present population of more than 175,000. It was founded on Sept., 4, 1781 by twelve families, numbering forty-six persons. No city of modern times is better or more favorably known. It was projected on lines of beauty, with graceful curves and angles. Santa Anna mountain, of many attractions, encircles Los Angeles. The suburbs of the city must be mentioned. Santa Monica, seventeen miles out, is perhaps the most valued resort. The location is an elevated bluff that overlooks the ocean. The place has the usual adjuncts of popular watering places, while hotels and boarding houses, so important to visitors, are in endless variety. Pasadena, 12 miles away, must be seen to be appreciated. San Pedro, 22 miles distant, has 25 or 30 places of pleasure resort. The vicinity of Los Angeles is both wealthy and or-

nate in vineyards, orange plantations, and olive plantations; and within the city limits we find corn mills, paper mills, distilleries, iron foundries, and a very active trade in every line, while in the neighboring mountains gold, silver, copper and zinc are found in rich abundance. Reluctantly leaving Los Angeles, we move on to San Francisco, the metropolis which holds the keys of the Golden Gate. The Southern Pacific has two lines between the two great cities of California. We took the one called the Ocean Shore line. Enroute, we shall notice a few of the main stations. But first we speak of the tunnel that pierces the narrowest section of the San Bernardino range, and requires five minutes of passenger train time to cover the distance through it—nearly one mile and a half. At its southern entrance the train leaves the largest olive grove in California, and at its northern exit we enter Santa Clara valley and follow it to the Pacific coast, a distance of fifty miles. At the station of Newhall we find petroleum wells that have been large producers for many years. Beyond that place we note Summerland, a pleasure resort until in an evil hour—though a happy one for its bank accounts—underlying oil was discovered. The inhabitants are now successfully invading the adjacent ocean bed in the hunt for more oil. Having passed about eight stations worthy of

mention, we hasten on to Santa Barbara. This large and eminently thrifty city, 371 miles from San Francisco, and romantically situated on the Pacific ocean, is one of the most attractive places in California. On the ocean side we observe a wide expanse of blue channel water, reaching to the chain of islands that serve as break waters to waves that are born of Chinese monsoons, while in the back ground are obvious the spurs and peaks of the Santa Inez range, and the far reaching range of the Siera de San Rafael mountains. The city has an extraordinary stretch of country tributary to it—a region equally praiseworthy for its fertility and for its entrancing beauty. The floral carnivals of Santa Barbara are prophetic of its harvest homes. Elsewhere they may be feebly imitated, but never equalled, even by the most ambitious.

The ocean line distance from Santa Barbara to Surf is sixty miles, and for the most part the track occupies a substantial buttress of the Santa Cruz mountain range. The Salinas river has been closely followed since we saw it first at Santa Marguerita. We crossed it at Spence. We now come to view the stirring town of Salinas, the county seat of Monterey, with a population of 4,000, and a spirit of enterprise such as we do not often find. It lies within 118 miles of San-Francisco, and is a freight terminal of the South-

ern Pacific road, with the usual repair shops. Four miles out is the great Spreckles beet sugar factory; and the surrounding country is noted for the production of sugar beets and for that of fruit and vegetables. Arriving at Vancouvers' Pinnacles, nine miles east of Salinas, we are struck with the sight of statuary carved by the hand of nature out of the trap rocks, and of the hughest conglomerate rocks on earth. Here also we find under ground lakes, mysterious caves, great rock walls and the nature-built castle of Vancouver. Further on we pass, 75 miles from San Francisco, a forest of the big red wood trees. These are giants, some of which, as they stand, have the hollows at their base big enough to house a family. They are of the kind that contribute so largely to the immense lumber trade of the Pacific coast. We are pleased with the sight of San Jose, 51 miles from San Francisco, and the home of apricots and prunes. It sends forth an abundance of peaches, plums, pears, apples, table grapes, nuts, small fruits and vegetables. As a manufacturer it is noted for making fire brick and terra cotta work. On to San Francisco—we have the choice of three lines from San Jose offered by the Southern Pacific. Our preference is the broad gauge on the left hand, via Palo Alto. Enroute there is a continuous succession of woodland scenes—of towns,

hamlets, palatial residences, and baronial grounds which make us to wonder if any thing could be added to the beauty and splendor of the extended display. Along this incomparable stretch of road we note Red Wood, 29 miles from the metropolis, on the bay. This is a select country place, largely enjoying the bounties of the San Mateo Valley. We note also the lively suburban village of S. San Francisco, which lies 13 miles out of the city, and looks toward the bay. A divergent rail track leads to a group of the massive buildings in the distance, which are the headquarters of the Western Meat Company, organized on plans similar to those of the establishments of Armour and Cudahy. At last we are in the great city of gold, earthquakes, political warfare and Oriental disturbances. Standing majestically on a lofty peninsular headland, bordered on the east by the San Francisco bay and on the west by the Pacific ocean, this wealthiest and mightiest of all the emporiums of the richest of all the far western states, has for a full half century held, in the eye of the world, a place scarcely second to that which is claimed by the unchallenged mistress of the Atlantic seaboard. It is both a metropolitan city and a metropolitan port. Oakland Pier, extending nearly a mile into the bay, enables this port to receive and shelter the innumerable throng of people that are dai-

ly pouring into the city and through it to the eastern, northern and southern points. The ocean trade both to Europe and to the Orient is one of vast proportions, while the land traffic by rail covers the whole American continent. The population before the last earthquake was 450,000 and the situation is both commanding and beautiful. It is ornate with attractive breathing places. Golden Gate park, with a spread of 100 acres, extending from Baker street to the ocean, is equally distinguished for its amplitude and for its assemblage of pleasing qualities and delightful features. Passing over the bay to Oakland, only eight miles from San Francisco, we find a population of 75000 and a handsomely built city, finely situated, the land sloping gracefully down to the waters from the Contra Costa mountains, which rise back of the town at a distance of a few miles. The foot-hills are crowned with the suburban villas of the wealthy merchants of Oakland and San Francisco. Calavard's Grove of big trees is 131 miles by rail and 44 miles by stage—175 miles all told—from San Francisco. Its Mammoth Grove hotel has lately been enlarged. This wonderful assemblage of redwood giants consists largely of trees that measure from 80 to 100 feet near the ground, and that lift their majestic heads to the height of more than 300 feet. Most of these are marked with marble slabs

which bear the names of great soldiers, navigators, statesmen, poets and prose authors.

Now we change course, and head toward the marvelous North-west. We are enroute to Portland, Oregon, and the distance before us, from San Francisco, is 772 miles. A long stretch of most interesting country lies between the start and the end of this journey. There are two routes by rail, and of course the ocean highway, by steamer, is open to all. The rail routes are east of the Sacramento river to Tehama, which is the junction at which the willows branch of the Southern Pacific connects with the main line. Seven miles beyond Tehama we passed through Rawson, and five miles further on we reached Red Bluff, the seat of Tehama County. Red Bluff is a growing town of 3,000 souls, well situated in the greatest grain-growing county in California. In that county 800,000 bushels of wheat and 250,000 bushels of barley have been harvested in one season. Tehama is well in the lead as a producer of all kinds of live stock. The grade on the railroad is now steadily upward. As we went on from Red Bluff to Sissons, a distance of 113 miles, we made an ascent of 3,246 feet through a broken country, and crossing a number of rapidly flowing creeks. We have now come to Bedding, in the south western part of Shasta County, of which it is the seat of

justice. The town lies at the upper end of the great Sacramento Valley, 230 miles north of Sacramento City. Touching Keswick as we glide along, we find it a new town of about 2,000 people, brought into existence, by the smelting industry.

We are now in the canyon of the Sacramento, creeping along the breast of cliffs and through dark tunnels; crossing and recrossing the river amid scenes of marvelous beauty and sublimity. From Bedding the white cone of Shasta was seen, seeming to rise out of a forested horizon. As we go upward it gleams upon the sight again and again. A thing of beauty and majesty, its glory is best seen at a distance or from below. Then its dark lavas are suffused with a pale, rosy glow, while its white summit is softly outlined against the sky, and the wide, placid sweep of its base is full of repose. We stop to taste the water of the Shasta Mineral Springs. It is but a few steps from the track of the Southern Pacific and is a regular stopping place for all trains. Every body drinks here, and many fill bottles and dimejohns for later thirst—slaking. Mr. West and I drank of this water, and I cannot say that I liked it. People tell me, however, that after you have used it awhile you form a liking for it. On a fine plateau above the springs are handsome cottages; and many come here for

rest and the expected benefit of the water. Again a board, we move on; and as we near Sisson Mount Shasta, of which we have obtained a brief glimpses through the pines, bursts into full view in all its splendor and magnificence. This famous snow-capped peak pierces the clouds, and towers skyward to the height 14,440 feet above sea level. It is an extinct volcano, and its snows and glaciers feed hundreds of streams which thread the wild surroundings in every direction. Further along our route we have a glimpse of Ager, from which a stage line runs to Klammath Springs, 18 miles distant, and near the line that divides Oregon from California. These are among the most popular mineral Springs in the Golden State; and their site is a widely known health resort, partly because of the medicinal qualities of the waters, and partly because of the charms of the scenery and the trout fishing, which magnify the delights of the situation. The Klammath is a dashing mountain stream, alive with trout. The elevation 2,700 feet. Salmon, silver trout, and rainbow trout can be found among the Syskian mountains over in Oregon. Resuming our northward ride, we cross the California line two miles beyond Coles Station, enter the State of Oregon, and commence the ascent of the Syskian mountains. This ascent is a wonder of railway engineering.

Here the mathematician has the advantage. He can tell exactly the facts concerning this great work, but the descriptive writer strives in vain to show his readers the beauty and grandeur of the scene. The southern slope of the range is denuded of trees, while the northern side is covered with a dense growth of pine.

Arrived at Syskiau Station. This is the summit of the range, and the highest point on the entire line, being 4,135 feet above sea level. The mountain view from this point is one of supreme magnificence, comprehending, to the east, the Cascade range extending northward 400 miles, to the north-east, Mount Pitt, with Mounts Scott and Theelson, and Diamond Peak, monarchs of the Cascades in the distance, to the west, the peaks of the Syskian and the coast range, to the south the two sisters of Mount Lassen, and above all, the imperial head of Mount Shastar. A great map of lakes, rivers, and valleys, lies spread out before us. For comprehensive variety and grandeur this view has scarcely an equal on the continent. On the eastern side of the slope, at the foot of the Syskian range, we find the beautiful town of Ashland, the site of the Oregon Normal School, and a great shipping point for grain and fruit, with a population of 3,000. We are now following Bogue river valley down stream. It averages about

three miles in width and is exceedingly fertile. Flanked by towering ranges of hills, and smiling with orchards, nut-bearing trees, and acres of small fruits, it is at once rich and picturesque. The stations that follow are Gold Hill, Grant's Pass, Merland, Leland. Wolf Creek, Glendale, West Park, Riddle, Myrtle Creek, and Dillard. For a stretch of 150 miles beyond Grant's Pass, the country presents us with a panorama of most enchanting scenery, with rugged mountains guarding fairy bowers all around us as we roll along. Passing a number of minor stations, we come to Eugene, the county seat of Lane, situated on the right bank of the Willamette river, and a thriving, prosperous town. Here is established the University of Oregon, the leading educational institution of the State. The Willamette is navigatable from Portland to this point for steamers of light draft. But the transportation of freight is now left mainly to the railroad. Eugene, with a population of 4,000, sits in the midst of a region distinguished for its wealth of soil, and for its generous yields of grain, fruit and live stock.

In all the dignity of its political importance and of its just claims upon the respect of the civilized world, Salem, the capital of the great and growing state of Oregon, stands before us, on the left bank of the Willamette river, with a

progressive population of 6,000 and with the State institutions—the schools for the blind, deaf and dumb, that the Indian Training School the Asylum for the insane and the penitentiary—all within the its corporate limits. The capital is a massive building of modern architecture, occupying a whole square, and visible to incoming trains at a considerable distance. On leaving Salem we pass the Oregon State Fair Ground, two miles out and are soon at Oregon City, the lively seat of Clackamas County, with an industrious population of 4,000. The town is has a mighty water power obtained from the great falls of the Willamette, and is the point at which were constructed the canal and lock system by which the Willamette was made navigable beyond the falls, the system costing half a million dollars.

Passing through a number of suburban stations, we are at last after a ride of fifteen miles face to face with the Oregonian metropolis—Portland, an historic city enviably renowned as having for many years held a commanding position among its urban sisters of the Pacific slope. With complacent majesty this wealthy center of a population of 140,000 sits on the west bank of the Willamette, twelve miles from that stream's confluence with the Columbia, and 150 miles by water from the Pacific Ocean. The first white settlers arrived here in 1843, and the city was

incorporated in 1851. East Portland, so called, on the opposite side of the river, and Allina are united by bridges with the main body of the town, and thus adds about 10,000 to its population.

The Willamette valley, at the foot of which Portland sits, covers 4,000,000 acres of the richest land, and is in itself amply sufficient to support more than 1,000,000 people. The situation is ideal in the fullest sense of the term. From the docks at the river side the ground gradually ascends to the west and the southwest, and finally breaks into beautiful hills, thus completing a topography that combines pleasing features with natural sanitation in an extraordinary degree. The lower and more level parts of the town are occupied by business houses and manufactures. The scientist and the lover of romance are both equally at home. Here are the "heights," visible from almost every point. Ascending them on the street cars that wind around the hill-sides you obtain, views as you go up, that set your fancy to dancing. As the prospect unfolds from the top of Robinson's Hill, on a clear day, the sight is deeply inspiring. The eye sweeps a radius of 100 miles, within which are seen five perpetually snow clad mountain peaks. The most prominent of these is Mount Hood, which rises from the long, bluish range of the Cascades,

and rears its great white head to the height of 11,225 feet. It's covering of snow and glaciers sends forth the piercing flashes of a million diamonds in the light of the noon-day sun; but when suffused with the mellow effulgence of setting day, it reflects the most delicate tints of purple, crimson, and gold. This incomparable picture, caught by the eye at a distance of sixty miles, is one of the many glories that nature exhibits under the skies of Portland. I sketched Mount Hood at a distance of six miles and painted it. Portland is renowned for its fine churches, its baronial residences, its neat, well built cottages and its big, landscaped parks. We were fortunate in meeting there Mr. West's sister, Mrs. Mary Knight, with three of our nephews and one neice. With them we had a delightful visit. We esteemed ourselves scarcely less fortunate in meeting a number of old friends from Kahoka, Mo, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ford, Mr. and Mrs. John Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Gilhousen, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Matlick, Mr. and Mrs. Lawyer Dawson, Miss Allie Tolman, Mr. William Johnson, and wife, and little daughter, Catherine. And we met many other valued acquaintances from different parts of Missouri. Oh, yes! I must mention meeting Miss Belle Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Schnebly, all of Kahoka. Besides these visitors we found quite

a number of former Missourians among the permanent residents of Portland.

We arrived in Portland on the second day of April, 1905; and in common with thousands of other visitors who had come from great distances, our main purpose was to see the greatest, most varied and most splendid exposition that had ever been opened to the public on the coast of the Pacific. Of course, I speak of the monster Lewis and Clark fair, named in honor of the two immortal Northwestern explorers, projected by the public spirit of the Pacific States, located and managed in Portland. This great and most instructive show was of general interest to the whole Union, and of special interest to all the commonwealth's of the Louisiana Purchase. In many of these latter, as in Missouri, for instance, heroic statues of Lewis and Clark adorn the parks of cities, and their names are given to counties, towns, streams; and mountains; and such things as these have their significance as touching the feeling which drew to Portland an immense throng from the States and Territories west of the Mississippi. And what was the exposition? Well, it was every thing, and had every thing that was representative of the history, development, and progress of the great Louisiana Purchase. There were the big, characteristic buildings representing the States and Territo-

ries, with samples of the agricultural, mechanical and artistic products of those regions.

There were the grounds to whose rare natural beauty had been added all the beauties possible to the art of landscaping. There were the fascinating lakes and lagoons bordered with foliage and flowering plants. There were exhibitions of the wild Flora and fauna of the untamed mountains and glens of the North west, with the native men and women whose ancestors inhabited those mountains and glens before the white man's foot had touched the continent. There were the seductive exhibits of the measureless mineral wealth of Oregon, Washington, California, Arizona, Montana, Idaho, et al., side by side with those of semi-tropical New Mexico and perpetually frozen Alaska. There, above all, were displays showing what the schools, colleges universities and moral forces of the West and North west are doing for the advancement and refinement of human society. And altogether the Portland fair was to all its patrons from every quarter an educator of incalculable value. Among the innumerable attractions were the statues of distinguished and historic personages who were actively efficient in the promotion of the growth and civilization of the Pacific region. Among these the figures of Lewis and Clark were foremost. But scarcely less interesting was the stat-

ue of the faithful and worthily celebrated Indian squaw who guided the great explorers throughout the broad field of their northwestern discoveries. Socially Mr. West and I had a good time at the Portland fair. We joined the "Missouri Society," so called, donned the white satin badges that bore its name in black letters, attended the Missouri meetings in the chamber of commerce, and enjoyed the picnics in Hawthorne Park. Through the kindness of Mr. R. P. Gorman, president of the trail, we obtained free passes into all the departments of the exhibition, and were the recipients of many special privileges. We saw the educated horse Trixie, in himself a most wonderful show. Met Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Duer, and daughter, Mrs. Grace Calvert and her husband. This meeting was on Portland Heights, full 800 feet above sea level. These heights afford a grand view of lakes, islands, rivers, fertile valleys, virgin forests, extended mountain ranges, and towering, snow-covered peaks. Mr. West and I made the trip up the Columbia river with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Matlick, of Kahoka, on the steamer Bailey Gatzert, to the the Cascade locks. The mighty Columbia river, fed by snow fields and glaziers, gracefully winding its way to the Pacific, through the richest and finest of valleys, presents us with a series of pictures of ineffible scenic beauty. And, oh, it is a



Steamer Bailey Gatzert on the Columbia River.



mighty stream—seventeen miles in width at a point fifteen miles above its mouth, and at times discharging a flow of 1,600,000 cubic feet—a greater flow than has ever been attained by the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi.

The United States government has expended over \$3,000,000 to overcome the rapids at the Cascade locks. We went down to the Pacific ocean. The sight filled us with awe unspeakable and the first thought produced by it resolved itself into the query, "Oh, who can look on that expression of infinite power and wisdom, and doubt the existence of God." Here we gathered shells and sea biscuit, and saw people bathing by means of knotted cables which kept them from slipping. Holding to these big ropes the bathers would await the tide that momentarily buried them, and then passing with the ebb, left them to await another soaking, and thus the alternate burials and resurrections were indefinitely continued, one crowd following another into the foaming surf and out of it. The great canneries of salmon are at Astoria, Clatsop County, not far from the mouth of the Columbia river, and there are to be found the best salmon that are put up. We went down to the ocean on the cars and we crossed miles and miles of the Columbia river on trussel work. We had inspiring views of Mount Hood, Mount Adams, Cape Horn, 2,500 feet

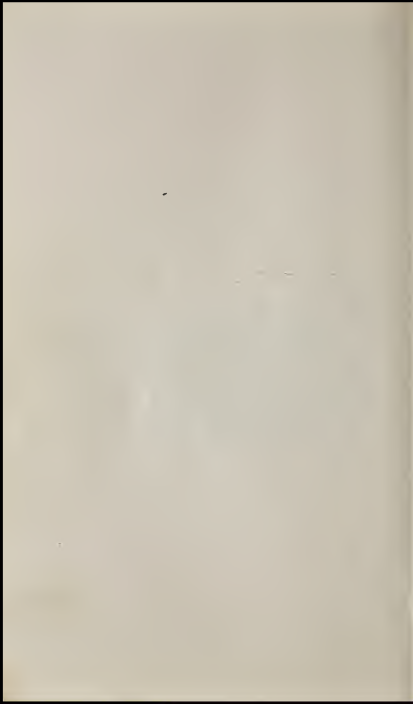
high, and the Bridal Veil, a beautiful mountain streamlet gushing out of a rocky mouth, and falling precipitously down a perpendicular wall of stone.

I now return to the Portland fair to speak of the forestry building. The colossal log palace, built at a cost of \$30,000, is 206 feet long, 102 feet wide, and rises to a height of 75 feet. Fifty-two trees, from five to eight feet in diameter, and 54 feet in height, arranged in rows, support the galleries and the roof; and the structure as a whole is a rustic wonder that appeals in eloquent phrase to all who are interested in the preservation of our forests. And I will not pass by the splendid government building, in which we heard two illustrated lectures on Yellow Stone Park that were of great interest.

The temptation to dwell on the phenomenal features of the Mammoth show, and on the grandeur of the country around its location, is very strong. But I must hasten on. We left Portland on the 15th of August, 1905, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jewart, of Kalloka. We took the Oregon Short Line for Delta, Colorado. Delta is 21 miles from Montrose, and is the seat of Delta County. It takes its name from its location in the delta (triangle) formed by the Gunnison and Uncompagre rivers at their junction. The town lies in the heart of



The Forestry Building, Portland, Ore.



the most prolific fruit raising region in Colorado. Our route lay through the Utah towns of Ogden and Salt Lake. And it seems well to note, here, the fact that for a stretch of about 150 miles from beyond Fruita no agricultural country is known. In fact, over 100 miles of this stretch passes through a broad section marked on the maps as the "Great Salt Lake Desert." We note here, also, the historic capital of Utah. In July, 1847 Brigham Young stood on Ensign Peak, the Mount of Prophecy, and told his followers that down in the valley below would be founded the new city of Zion, the future home of the Latter Day Saints. The city, with a population of 70,000, and an elevation of 4,235 feet, lies near the base of the Wasatch mountains, in the plains which extend from the Rockies to the Missouri river. And I must not omit mention of the Great Salt Lake, covering an area of 2,500 square miles, and with a mean depth of 20 feet. The lake is 126 miles, long and 45 miles wide. The most mysterious thing about this sea, aside from its saltiness, is that it has no outlet. From all sides it receives the contents of fresh water streams. Yet the water remains salt and the lake does not overflow. In the city Temple Square is the great attraction to tourists. Here are situated the Mormon Temple, the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall. The Tabernacle is immense in

its proportions. The roof resembles an up-turned boat, and the building is visible from every part of the city. The Mormons began to build the Temple in 1853, and completed it in 1893 at a cost of \$6,000,000. It is 200 ft., long, 100 ft., wide 100 ft., high, with four towers, one on each corner, 220 feet high. The walls are ten feet thick. The Temple is built wholly of snow white granite, taken from the Cottonwood canyon; and standing as it does on one of the loftiest points in the city, may be seen at a distance of 50 miles either up or down the Valley.

Our next stop, after Salt Lake was at Grand Junction, Colorado, the chief city of the Grand river valley, located at the junction of the rivers Grand and Gunnison; population 5,000; distance from Denver 450 miles, via standard gauge, 424 miles via narrow gauge line. Here we stayed all night. On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Jewart and family started for Denver, on their way home, while Mr. West and I took train next morning for Olathe, Colorado, a city 60 miles distant from Grand Junction. From Olathe we drove out eight miles into the country, and enjoyed a good visit with our nephew and niece, John and Mary Markley. They live in the midst of a great fruit country. The Uncompahgre valley is fertile. Cereals, fruits, and vegetables, together with forage plants, flourish here in the

greatest abundance. What is raised here is raised by irrigation. Our niece and nephew live some ten or twelve miles from Montrose, a thrifty country village of about 200 souls, 351 miles from Denver, at an elevation of 5,811 feet, justly proud of its romantic situation, surrounded as it is by the sightly San Juan mountains, and with the tallest and most commanding peaks in plain view. We visited about ten days here. We then took train and went to Cerro Summit, where we spent three or four days with another niece and nephew. Cerro Summit is reached directly after emerging from Cimarron canyon. From here the Uncompahgre valley, with its rivers, and the distant, picturesque peaks of the San Juan mountains lay the eye of the traveler under pleasing tribute. On the second day of Sept., 1905, we left Cerro Summit for Colorado Springs.

Want of space forbids even an attempt at a just description of the towns and the country through which we passed. But I will do my best with what chance I have. In general, the region traversed is a land of mountains, canyons, rivers and valleys, superior in imaginative suggestion, to those which, in the far east, gave birth to "The Arabian Nights Entertatunment," or to those which, in Europe, furnished the scenes of the poems and historic novels of Sir Walter Scott.

In fact, "Benvoirlich," with the "heights of Uam Var" and the "bold cliffs of Benledi," cannot be compared to the College range, by which we passed, with its towering, snow-crowned peaks of Yale, Harvard and Princeton—those miracles of western scenery, in whose lofty, rugged breasts are embosomed nooks and dells beautiful as the realms of fairy queens. Not less unmasked by foreign lands are the great range of San Grede Christo, and the heights of Onray and Shaveno, by which our eyes were led captive on this ride. Nor does any quarter of the old world possess a wonder that will bear a shadow of comparison with the weird Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Of this most marvelous phenomenon I shall here attempt a description. But first, I will be pardoned for telling the reader that a canyon(sometimes spelled canon)is a gorge, worn or cut by a stream and flanked by stone walls that rise perpendicularly, or nearly so, to a greater or less height above its bed.

The Black Canyon of the Gunnison river is 14 miles in length, and its walls have an average height of 2,500 feet. It lies west of Marshall pass. As we enter it, the cliffs grow higher and higher; suddenly the sunlight is cut off by broken summits, and directly after leaving Sapinero the canyon holds us fast in its embrace. This gorge is grander, darker and yet more beautiful

than the Royal Gorge. It is twice as long. It has more verdure and although the walls are of a hue dark enough to give the place its name, still in many places, they are red of sand stone. From their crevices and on their tops shrubs—cedars and pines—grow in rich abundance. The river flowing through the gorge has a deep, sea-green color, and is followed to Cimмерon creek, up which the road continues, still through rocky depths, to the open country beyond. The Black Canyon never tires the eye—never becomes common-place. At the junction of the Gunnison and Cimмерon a bridge spans the gorge. From this bridge the beauties of the canyon are seen at their best. Somber shades prevail, and the sunlight falls upon the top-most pines, but never reaches down into the deep clefts. Nature has made everything on a grand scale; detail is supplanted by magnificence, and the whole scene is one that appeals to our deepest feelings. It greets us as a sight in which awful grandeur and exquisite beauty are strangely mixed, and leaves in our memory an impress which never can be effaced by time. When we were there quite a number of people took observation cars and carried their umbrellas. But those people got covered with soot and their umbrellas did them little good. They were dissatisfied in their expectation of obtaining a better view. Myself and some

others got out of our car and held to the railing. Thus fixed we could look upon both sides. Meanwhile we had the protection of a good roof.

While we are giving a description we will take in another wonder of like sort. Just beyond Canyon City the railway enters the Grand canyon of the Arkansas, the narrowest portion of which is known as the Royal Gorge. When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous gorge. But the work was done. The Royal Gorge is 163 miles from Denver. The greatest height of its wall is 2,627 feet, and its length is seven miles. After entering its depths the train moves slowly along the bank of the Arkansas river, and around the projecting shoulders of the dark hued granite walls, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure. Through the heights far above the railroad the sky forms a deep blue arch of light, but in the gorge are dark and somber shades which have never been penetrated by the rays of the sun. The place is a measureless gulf of air, with solid walls on either side. There the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub. No flowers grow to cheer the scene, and the birds care not to pene-

trate the solitude. The river, somber and swift breaks the awful stillness with its roar. Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs are higher and more closely confined, and a long, iron bridge hangs suspended from the smooth walls. The grandest portion of the canyon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and nature asserts its invincible power.

I now take up the towns. Our first stop, after leaving Cerro Summit was at Gunnison, the seat of Gunnison county, situated on the Gunnison river, in the central part of the great Gunison valley. The town has an elevation of 7,683 feet, has a population of 2,500, and lies 288 miles from Denver. The eating station for passengers is the most magnificent in Colorado, having been built at a cost of \$225,000. Marshall Pass, further on, necessitates railroading among the clouds, and is a marvel of engineering skill. Marshall Pass Station is directly on the summit of the pass, and the track is inclosed by a large snow shed. We were on the summit at about 11 o'clock, p. m. It was lighted up as bright as day, and we went and looked around. Oh, how grand it was. And we found an eating house up there. Our next stop was at Salida, a popular resort for health and pleasure, and an important center of business. It has a

population of 5,000, is 217 miles from Denver, and stands 7,050 feet above sea level, commanding a splendid view of the mountains of the Collegiate range, and of the San Grede Cristo range. From the Royal Gorge canyon we passed through Parkdale—the point where tourists disembark to visit the Royal Gorge—and on through Pueblo, to Colorado Springs, in which city we arrived on the 3rd day of Sept., 1905. We visited here a day or two with Mr. and Mrs. G. A. C. Duer, and had a most delightful time.

Colorado Springs is among the most beautiful of all the cities of the great West. It is a famous health resort, on an elevation of 5,992 feet, with a population of 25,000, at a distance of 75 miles from Denver. As a home city it has scarcely any where an equal. Mansions and cottages of the highest architectural beauty abound. Society is composed of wealthy and cultivated people. The town is sheltered on the east by bluffs, on the west by a range of mountains with Pike's Peak in the center, on the north by a mountain spur called the divide, and on the south-west by the Cheyenne mountains. The ordinary streets are unusually wide—100 feet, and the great avenues—160 feet wide—are pictures of rare splendor. Both streets and avenues are umbrageously and delightfully shaded from end to end, and Nevada Avenue, the central high-way of the city,

has six rows of trees, two on each side and two along the center. Water, cold and clear, is brought into town, from mountain sources by means of a winding canal. It serves all purposes, including that of irrigation. The pressure is such that in fighting fires, no engines are required, the water being forced from the hydrants to the tops of the tallest buildings. The scenery surrounding the city is a charm for the eye and a study for the mind. It is impossible to contemplate the grandeur of Cheyenne's bold outlines and gigantic massiveness, with its ever varying play of light and shade, without acknowledging the supreme magnificence of that noble mountain. It is four miles distant from Colorado Springs.

At Colorado City two miles west of Colorado Springs, we found an interesting town that was formerly the seat of the State capital. It sits on the mountain branch of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, 77 miles from Denver, with a population of 3,500, and an elevation of 6,110 feet. Manitou, a health resort, and popular watering place, with mineral springs, came in our way; and we were glad to see it. It is certainly the one sovereign resort of all the west. None of its contemporaries has had a more rapid growth, and none has more truly deserved its prosperity. There are more places of extraordinary interest to visit in the vicinity of Manitou than are to be

found in the environs of any other resort in the world. In this place there are a thousand ways of enjoying one's self. A favorite pleasure is that of riding. The saddle horses are excellent. A burro (donkey) brigade is a feature for the special benefit of the children. The famous effervescent springs, which originally gave name to Colorado Springs deserve a special mention.

Following is a partial list of places of interest near Manitou with their distances from town in miles attached:

Manitou Grand Caverns	2 miles
Cave of the Winds	1 "
Ute Pass and Rambow Falls	1 1/2 "
Red Canyon	3 "
Crystal Park	3 "
Garden of the Gods	3 "
Glen Eyrie	5 "
Summit of Pike's Peak (by rail)	9 "
Trail	13 "
Seven Lakes, by Horse Trail	9 "
Seven Lakes, by carriage road	25 "
North Cheyenne Canyon,	8 1/2 "
South Cheyenne Canyon,	9 "
Broadmore Cassino, Electric railway	7 "

Mr. West and I went to Manitou with Mr. G. A. C. Duer, Mr. Leonard and Miss Lena Montgomery, all of Kahoka, Mo. We drank of the mineral springs, and saw a company start up

Pike's Peak on burros. Pike's Peak is well called Colorado's land mark. It was much celebrated in the fifties of the last century as the center of a region to which prospectors, tourists, and immigrants were drawn in great numbers, most of them coming overland in all sorts of vehicles. The mountain is one of superb magnificence, with an elevation of 14,147 feet, and its majestic head is never wholly discrowned of snow. The cog-wheel railroad to the height of the peak is an interesting novelty elsewhere unknown. It is just $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the Manitou city station to the summit of the Peak by this cog-wheel route. The cost of construction was \$500,000.

The railroad closely follows Puxton Creek, generally at an elevation of 300 feet above it. The sides of the glen are clothed with beautiful pines and spruces. Several very pretty falls are passed on the way, two of which are respectively named the Shelter and the Minniehaha. Large granite boulders are in places piled up in confusion over the stream, frequently hiding it from view. Two of the more prominent ones are plainly visible from Manitou, and are appropriately named Gog and Magog.

Returning from Manitou to Colorado Springs, we left the latter city for Denver on the 5th of Sept., 1905. There are very few cities in the world that please us at first sight. Of this elect

class is Denver, situated at the junction of Cherry Creek and Platte river, with a population of 170,000, and an elevation of 5,198 feet. Strangers will find that the best way to see this beautiful city, with its broad, well shaded streets is to take the "seeing car" of the street-railway system, which makes a tour twice a day of nearly the whole town. The city obtains its water partly from mountain sources, by means of its Holly works, and partly from 600 artesian wells, varying in depth from 350 to 1,600 feet in depth. The city owns real estate to the value of \$3,439,207. Its bonded debt is \$1,422,800; and the assessed valuation of all its property is nearly \$110,000,000. The commerce of Denver is annually not less than \$150,000,000. The tourist finds here many objects of interest—the smelters, the Tober Grand opera house, the public buildings, the Broadway Theater, the magnificent business blocks, the delightful parks, the elegant private residences, the princely homes of the cattle barons, the Brown Palace Hotel, the lively and sightly suburbs, and Fort Logan, the United States military post.

Leaving Denver for Russell, Kansas, we arrived at the latter place on the 6th., of September 1905. Russell, the seat of Russell county, lies beautifully on an undulating prairie of great fertility, and of great amplitude, in the center of

the Sunflower State, on the Southern Pacific road. It has the Saline river on the north, and the Smoky river on the south, and counts a thrifty population of 1,500. It was first settled in 1871 by a colony from Wisconsin. Mr. West and I, with Mr. William Cline and wife, moved to Russell in 1872, and were there between seven and eight years. Then we returned to Kahoka, Mo. My brother, Mr. William Cline, stayed at Russell till he died. His wife is there yet and on our return from the northwest we visited with her and our old Russell friends about one month, having a most enjoyable time with them.

Departing from Russell, Oct., 3, 1905, we went to Salina, Kansas, the capital of Salina County, and an eminently thriving city of 7,000 souls. The town is beautifully situated at the mouths of Smoky and Saline rivers, and is quite a railroad center. I really do not know just how many roads it has, but they are numerous. It is a very lively business place. We enjoyed there a soul-refreshing stay of a couple of days with our old, long-ago friends—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pearson, who are related to a Mr. Kinny that used to live in Kahoka. They kept the Oakdale Park, and had built themselves a beautiful residence near to it.

We left Salina on the 5th., of October 1905, on Union Pacific road for Kansas City. The trip

across the great plains from the Missouri river is full of variety and interest to one who takes it the first time. Nothing can make upon the mind a more vivid impression of the greatness of the country, and of the enterprising character of our people, than the sight of these boundless prairies. The rapid and extensive turning of the buffalo sod; the exposure of vast areas of black, rich soil to the fertilizing action of the sun; the work done in the production of great crops of corn and wheat; all go to show how, here, a broad region, measureless in native wealth, is yielding to the industry of these brainy, stalwart yeomen the food that goes to sustain the mightiest of all the nations of the earth. For a distance of 300 or 400 miles to the west of the Missouri we pass through thriving cities to which a comparatively thickly settled country is tributary. As the traveler looks out of the car window across the billowy expanse he sees herds of cattle grazing on the rich bunches of buffalo grass, and occasionally he will get a glimpse of the flying form of an antelope disappearing over the brow of a distant rise of land. Not without interest are the prairie—dog villages, with their inhabitants sitting on their haunches like diminutive kangaroos; and the writer has seen a great many of these prairie—dog towns. Frequently an owl will

house with these dogs, and it is said that rattle snakes often live with them. I do not know about the snakes, but I have seen the owls among the dogs. On the evening of Oct., 5, we arrived in Kansas City, seat of Jackson County, with a population (in 1900) of 163,752. It is a city of great magnificence sitting amidst picturesque hills and valleys on one of the most commanding turns of the Missouri river. It ranks 22, for size, among the cities of the United States, and is famous for its fine public buildings, its enchanting parks, its large commodious stock yards, its superb churches and school-houses, its beautiful cottages and its princely mansions.

We are now in the great state of Missouri—a State that, if it were surrounded with a Chinese wall, would, on its own resources, be more than able to maintain a stout independent existence. From a report of the Secretary of State, I now purpose writing a brief sketch showing the wealth and power of Missouri. This great commonwealth is the fifth in the American Union, and geographically occupies a nearly central position with respect to all her sisters. On this account St. Louis, being on the isothermal line, has been talked about as the right place for the future location of the national capital; and there is little doubt that if the seat of the United States government should ever be moved it will

come from Washington, D. C. to the metropolis of Missouri. The borders of this imperial State extend from the Mississippi river on the east to the Kansas line on the west, a stretch of 320 miles, and from the southern line of Iowa on the north to the northern line of Arkansas on the south, a stretch of 328 miles. These borders embrace an area of 69,415 square miles, or of 44,426,600 acres, richly varied with valleys and prairies productive of great agricultural wealth, and with hills and mountains full of coal, iron, lead, zinc, mineral paint, etc. The population of Missouri, by the latest count, is more than 3,500,000, and her total wealth, based on the reports of assessors, was \$5,000,000,000. Both in volume and in versatility of the products of the earth Missouri leads. The fertility and divers applicability of her soil, with the mild, salubrious, and varied climate for which she is distinguished, make it possible for her to produce a greater variety of cereals, bulbs, fruits and plants than can be produced by any other part of the habitable globe. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, flax, hemp, timothy, clover, alfalfa, tobacco, cotton, potatoes, melons, pumpkins, beats, squashes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, radishes, onions, peas, beans, apples, peaches, pears, plums of all kinds, apricots, grapes, strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, currants, mul-

berries, nuts of all kinds, and a hundred other things grow luxuriantly, and produce enormous crops in response to the labor of the industrious toiler. Her forests, largely composed of the best of saw-timber for building purposes, are especially in the mountainous regions, full of gain, and her limpid streams are literally alive with fish. Missouri is among the foremost of the States in the production of live stock of every kind and class. Cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., show that in these departments of the general live stock industry Missouri is at the head of the column of material progress, while as to mules her acknowledged supremacy over the whole world needs scarcely to be mentioned. Her unstinted yields of grain and her matchless blue grass pastures, easily account for these facts. Speaking of the poultry production, we may say that it has become a chief source of the State's wealth. The "lay of the hen" has gladdened thousands of Missouri homes with the music of plenty and prosperity. In 1906 the hen's lay amounted to 267,000,000 dozen of eggs, while the total value of her product for the same year reached the enormous sum of \$100,000,000. Horticulture is one of the great industries of Missouri. She has one third more apple trees than any other state, and within her limits are the largest orchards and the biggest nurseries in

the world. Missouri, the land of the big, red apple, is also the land of the big, red strawberry, and of the big, yellow peach; and train loads of these deliciously flavored fruits are annually shipped from the State. In 1906 there were marketed from the fields and orchards of Missouri 4,864,072 mellons and 914,746 crates of strawberries. The fruit crop of the state for that year was approximately valued at \$15,500,000. Missouri's inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel, combined with her unsurpassed water power, her superior facilities for transportation, and her proximity to the great markets of the west and middle west, including St. Louis, which is her own, makes her one of the most advantageous parts of the Union for the location of manufactures of every sort. And in due keeping with the superior inducements which she offers she is moving forward in these matters. The manufacturing capital invested in Missouri in the year 1905 was \$262,834,000, while the value of all goods manufactured for the same year was \$456,368,119. Later figures are not at hand, but the rapid growth of the manufacturing interest is well known. The minerals taken from the earth in Missouri embrace nickle, copper, zinc, coal, iron, besides baryta, tripoli, and numerous clays of excellent quality. In a general way it may be truly said that as a mining state Missou-

ri is unexcelled. The quarries of the State produce granite, limestone, and sandstone in great abundance, and of the finest quality. Nickel and cobalt are, in one county, produced in a quantity that exceeds the amount of those materials taken from all the other States of the Union. The zinc ore production of Missouri exceeds eighty per cent of the whole output of the United States, and brings a better price than any other zinc ore in the world. The lead ores of the state lead the market everywhere. Coal is mined in 37 counties, and underlies more than one third of our 69,415 square miles of territory. Iron ore is found in every county south of the Missouri river. Baryta is found in greater quantity than in any other state. The value of these products, so far produced, amounts to \$766,986,000. The annual production of the several mineral shows an increase, and particularly is this true of lead ore. The silver ore of the Colorado mines does not by any means measure up in value to our mineral production. The two chief mineral products of the State—lead and zinc—furnish evidence that these metals cover a much greater area, reach to a much greater depth, and occur in a far greater continuity of ore bodies than ever the most enthusiastic mines have hitherto supposed.

Missouri's banks have shared in the general growth and development of the State, and today

stand as infallible indices of her financial affluence and stability. No other branch of business in the state shows such a remarkable growth as we observe in the banking business. In one decade the number of banks and trust companies has increased from 643 to 1,103, and their deposits have grown from \$161,367,000 to \$558,323,000, while their resources have risen \$224,520,000 to \$731,908,000. In timber products Missouri is ahead of all her neighboring sisters. Vast forests of oak, pine, walnut, cypress, hickory, maple and cedar are found in various parts of the State. The grandest rivers on the globe border and traverse the State. Prodigious springs burst from the sides of her wealth-stored mountains, and flow away in crystal streams to swell the boat-bearing waters of the State's great arteries of commerce. There are more than 1,000 newspapers in Missouri, some of which (about all of the metropolitan and provincial dailies) will bear comparison with the best of their class in the world. There are over 7,000 miles of railway in the State, operated by 57 companies, whose trains stop at 1,632 stations, affording ample railroad facilities to the traveling public. Telegraph lines traverse the State in every direction, their value being more than \$2,500,000. Over 200 telephone companies have extended a net work of communicating lines over the State,

that takes in every town, village, hamlet and that makes a station of almost every farm house. The approximate value of railways in Missouri in 1907 was \$345,000,000; and that of street-car lines \$1,000,000; and that of telegraph lines \$15,000,000. The only State debt in Missouri is represented by certificates of indebtedness to the school fund and the seminary funds to the amount of \$4,398,839.42. Of the 114 counties of the State two thirds are entirely free from bonded indebtedness, while the total indebtedness of the remaining counties is only \$6,360,278 or less than one and a half per cent, of the taxable wealth of the counties. Not only in material wealth, but in all the means and facilities employed in education, as well. Missouri's standing among her sister states is enviable. There are 10,741 public schools in the State. In these there is 17,093 rooms in which 17,704 teachers daily instruct 755,063 pupils. The estimated amount annually spent for public education in Missouri is \$10,000,000. The institutions employed in this work are nowhere excelled. The State University at Columbia, is scarcely anywhere equaled in point of proficiency, spends annually \$500,000 on higher education. Five great normal schools are in operation in different parts of the commonwealth. The Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City provides the means of

higher education for colored boys and girls. The State has four hospitals for the insane, a school for the deaf and dumb, a school for the blind, a colony for the feeble minded, for epileptics, a home for Federal veterans, and a home for Confederate veterans. And the legislature of 1907 provided for a sanitarium for consumptives, and a parental home for the delinquent and dependent children. The State has, also, a girls' industrial home and a reform school for boys.

Finally, it may be said that Missouri is keeping step with the onward march of the century; and at the speed with which she is now moving she will soon lead the van of the great column of progressive States in all that is essential to the well being of human society. While the Great Giver of all good has most bountifully enriched her in natural resources, He has even more graciously given her a population of superior merit—a population, whose energy, intelligence and public spirit have been fruitfully instrumental in developing and utilizing these resources in such a way as to build up the state and crown it with fadeless glory. Not, then, in her measureless wealth, in fields, mines, mills, does Missouri's greatness alone consist. Her pure, queenly womanhood and her brave, chivalrous manhood—God-fearing and home-loving, consecrated to high and holy purposes, faithfully

following the loftiest ideals—these are the greatest, the most praise worthy, of all the forces which the Almighty has employed in making Missouri what he intended her to be. And this she will become when she wipes out the liquor traffic, and banishes all intoxicating beverages from her soil, and her people enter into the fullness of that noble, unselfish spirit which will lead them to the glorious destiny which awaits them. To all the worthy, industrious, liberty-loving, and law abiding people of the earth Missouri extends a real Missouri welcome.

I come now to Missouri's capital. Jefferson City is located in Cole county in the midst of an amplified expanse of most enchanting scenery, which opens out to view from the capitol building in a broad and generous grandeur characteristic of the people of the state to whose credit it speaks. During the day this building is the cynosure of the eyes of all visitors, and at night its majestic dome, rising to a supreme height above the city, is a refulgent galaxy of blazing, electric stars, to whose scintillating splendor the rolling Missouri, in passing the foot of Capitol Hill, chants a bubbling psalm of praise. Of course the whole town is profusely illuminated from street to street with electric lights. Jefferson City lies within ten miles of the geographic center of the state, 125 miles from St. Louis,

158 miles from Kansas City. The city is noted for its pure water and for its remarkable cleanliness. It has never known an epidemic, and the doctors do not prosper here. The public schools of the city afford every opportunity for the young people to acquire an excellent education. Lincoln Institute, an academic foundation, supported by the state, affords a higher education and a manual training for colored boys and girls. It is the best managed and most completely appointed institution of the kind in the United States. Jefferson City supports eleven churches—nine for white people and two for colored folks. Mr. West and I took train on the Burlington, via Quincy, Ill., and Keokuk, Iowa, for Kahoka, Mo., and arrived at our destination on Oct., 6, 1905.

Kahoka is located in the midst of a splendid agricultural region adapted to the growth of all cereals and fruits common to this latitude, and having a very large portion of the lands tributary to it. Under profitable cultivation and owned by well-to-do prosperous farmers. Neither the city nor the adjoining country has ever enjoyed or suffered from a boom but the growth has been substantial and founded on the inexhaustible resources of the fertile country the wide awake moral and intelligent people. The matchless climate and the facilities for market-

CONTRIBUTED.

These beautiful lines were composed by my youngest sister, Mariah Louisa Cline Haverty, the seventh daughter.

And now while we pass through life without an earthly mother and father we feel that we have a Heavenly Father and that his blessed spirit is ever watching over us and sends his angels to waft us home.

Children, dear children, though many a day
Has passed like the swift winged cloud away,
Since thou with grief didst almost smother,
When thou gavest to the angel thy father and mother;
Never more let a tear thine eyelids fill,
For children, dear children, we are with thee still.

Thou canst not see us, thy parents so dear,
Thou canst not hear us, yet we are near,
We watch thee children, as thou didst us;
In the days of our affliction and misery,
Love's holiest vigils we came to fill,
Children, dear children, we are with thee still.

When the east is red with coming morn,
And the stars grow pale in the crimson dawn,
And the busy cares of new born day,
Are chasing the shadows of sleep away;
The cup of life from the river we fill,
Children, dear children, we are with thee still.

When the sun goes down to his couch of gold,
And the shadowy wings of night unfold,
And the stars light up the beautiful road,
That shows the path of the saints abode;
We come with the angels that do his will,
Children, dear children, we are with thee still.

I see thee kneel in place of prayer,
And we fold our pinions in silence there,
As the earnest of faith to thee is given;
The hope that heralds the bliss of heaven.
And the holiest peace which the soul can fill,
Children, dear children, we are with thee still.

When the hour shall come and thy strength shall fail
And thy feet are turned to the sorrow vale,
And the waters of death so dark and cold,
Shall over you roll as over us they rolled;
We will touch thy hand in the waves so chill,
Children, dear children, we are with thee still.

When the river is crossed and the journey done,
 The conflict over, the victory won,
 And thy feet are safe on the glorious shore,
 Where sorrow and parting are known no more;
 Nevermore shall a tear thine eyelid fill,
 Then there, dear children, we are with thee still.

M. L. HAVERTY



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